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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Clearing the Bookshelves

THERE come times in the history of individuals as of nations when a decent respect for the opinions of mankind demands revolutionary action. The moment at last arrives when bulging bookshelves and battered bindings become an offense to the æsthetic, and when nothing short of violent measures can redeem a library from the objurgations of the orderly. What course to pursue? Cast out the rowdy members from the bookshelves? Ay, but their very dilapidation bespeaks their worthiness. Why are they so worn, but that they have grown old in the service of affection, yielding themselves to the eager until buckram and canvas could endure no more? Surely old friends are not thus lightly to be discarded. A fie upon your impulses!

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Then here, since you cannot in all conscience cast out the bedraggled volumes that have so often been the dear consolations of your solitude, at least relieve the congestion of your shelves by discarding those prim and proper rows that are so patently still in their refulgence because they have lived unlaborious days. Ah, but conscience and desire rise up to stay you. Those neat tomes are still on the horizon of your intentions; they enclose within their unrubbed covers knowledge that you covet, curiosities of literature you have treasured against an idle or a gloomy day, obligations you owe to a liberal education. They are reproach embodied, but they are also delight in prospect. Nay, nay, let them be.

But surely those antiquated encyclopædias that stretch their bulk along the shelves can be spared. They have been superseded not once but once and again. The march of civilization has jostled them into semi-uselessness; efficient editorship has supplanted them with compendiums more coincident with the age. Yes, but since time has shrunk the records of events and personalities that figured large in the portly old volumes to brief notices in the new, where but in them can the lover of history turn for that fuller detail so much more picturesque than the pruned brevities of a recent edition? Impossible to let them go. The old encyclopædias must stand.

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We have it now! The textbooks that hide their shabby backs so deprecatingly on the bottom shelf, out with them. No, no, that were to leave yourself to the distraction of puzzling genders and confusing prepositions and irregular verbs with never a grammar to fall back upon for aid. Let the Ciceros, and the Horaces, and the Virgils in the school texts go? But can you find your way through the classics without their notes? Beware, beware, lest throwing them out you throw out your all of classical resources. At least the arithematics can go? Oh, fearful vision of calculations to be made and no table of measures at hand. Hold fast those text books, whatever else you do.

At last, at long last, the solution. There it lies in that heterogeneous mass of books, some of them still brave in gay-colored jackets that prove them of recent birth. Not so fast. Those new books are the volumes about which conversation is eddying to-day and which you must keep on hand lest discussion should involve you in dispute. And those love stories, and romantic novels, and detective tales? Speak it low . . . they are for a rainy day.

The shelves must bulge for another year.

From a Ferryboat Window

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

GREENISH black water, sinister pain
Tossing into ever lost forms,
Heaves against the side of this ferry-boat.
Sibilant laces of sound
Break into white upon the dark water
And are whisked away.
The pain of all drowned men
Could not equal the intensity
With which the water reels out to the sky
And often, with a psychic mania,
Defies the unsuspecting push of winds.

Only sailors with the eyes of poets
Know that placid and wild water
Are alike, are veiled and open
Revolts against an earth which will not dream.

This Week

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Next Week

Christmas Book Number

Everyman

By FRANK V. MORLEY

WHEN Mr. Colburn announced, in the modest way of publishers a hundred years ago, that the Diary of Samuel Pepys would be forthcoming in two quarto volumes in June, 1825, he hoped for such a reception as had been accorded to Evelyn's Diary on its first publication seven years before. He was not disappointed. The book achieved immediate attention. The *Literary Gazette* advertised a long review "with curious extracts to the extent of an ordinary pamphlet." This review was copied on the editorial page of the *Times*. The notice began:

> Notwithstanding the extensive popularity of the Memoirs of Grammont, and the still greater attractions of those of Evelyn, we have no hesitation in stating our opinion that these volumes will outstrip them both in public estimation. For ourselves we are delighted with them; they reach the *beau idéal* of what we desire from such records. The station of the individual gave him access to the most interesting intelligence of the period. . . .

Pepys himself, the notice added, was observant and accurate, and "might well be esteemed a worthy fellow."

A century after, the attention paid to Pepys is of a different quality. The prophecy has been fulfilled. Pepys continues to outstrip Evelyn and Grammont in public estimation. But he not only outstrips them. He proceeds to immortality upon a different road. So worthy a fellow has marched out of history and into literature. The change in popular regard for him is illustrated by the story of the book. It was produced at first as a lively historical document. It is produced now as though it were a novel. It is worth while to trace that change.

In the preface to the original edition of the Diary, Lord Braybrooke emphasized its value as a record of public events, and spoke with tolerance of Pepys himself.

> As he was in the habit of recording the most trifling occurrences of his life, it became absolutely necessary to curtail the MS. materially, and in many instances to condense the matter . . . my principal study, however, has been to omit nothing of public interest, and to introduce at the same time a great variety of other topics, less imporant, perhaps, but tending in some degree to illustrate the manners and habits of that age.

Braybrooke has shared the common fate of editors. He has been supplanted and condemned. But his plan of action when confronted with more than a million words of manuscript by an unknown man, won only praise in 1825. Further curious extracts ran along merrily in the *Literary Gazette*, and once again the *Times* quoted Pepys at length on the editorial page. A second edition of the book was prepared in 1828. A third edition, much enlarged, appeared in 1848; a fourth, in 1854. None of these claimed completeness. But nothing less than completeness would satisfy a rising generation who wanted to read between Braybrooke's lines. The Rev. Mynors Bright undertook to make a fresh transcription. His edition (1875-1879) gave about four-fifths of the whole Diary. It is not generally available, for only a thousand copies were printed. At last Mr. H. B. Wheatley, using Mynors Bright's transcription, prepared what has become the standard text. It was first published in ten volumes (1893-1899), and has been lately reissued

EVERYBODY'S PEPYS. The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Edited by O. F. MORSHEAD, with 60 Illustrations by E. H. Shepard, and 4 Maps by A. E. Taylor. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $3.50.

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(1923) on India paper. This runs to something over three thousand pages, and contains all the material of the Diary, except a few phrases which are not likely to find their way into any general edition. In spite of very careful production, there may still be opportunity for a few minor improvements. Punctuation and notes may need further attention. The index needs revision. The India paper volumes might have end-paper maps. But these are luxuries which will come in time, and the fact that one thinks of them proves that what is necessary is already in our hands—a complete text for study.

With the appearance of the standard text, one could freely examine the reasons for the continuance of the Diary, not only as an historical record, but as literature. The place that Pepys occupies in literature, as Mr. Percy Lubbock pointed out, is the place of the ordinary man.

> For that place he has, it would seem, as yet no serious competitor. His name is perhaps never mentioned without an indulgent smile, a twinkle, a half-patronizing, half-roguish implication that we are all like that at bottom, that his Diary is the kind we should all keep if we were honest with ourselves. Other writers are exceptions, brains of special power, imaginations of outstanding strength; he alone is Everyman, the type of average mortality, the sum of all its desires and efforts.

Another way of putting it, is to say that whoever comes to the Diary finds Pepys and his companions understandable throughout. They are people that we know, and in whom we see our own emotions mirrored. They do more than please; they serve us. *Man weiss erst dass man ist, wenn man sich in andern wieder findet.*

Yet it was also true that the standard text could never reach all those who would enjoy it. For it takes courage to read three thousand pages with attention sufficient to perceive a story shaping through the formless document. Biographical sketches came out, to assist the faint-hearted. But Pepys is comparatively little fun at second-hand. What else was possible? Could the standard text be pruned so as to portray Pepys and his companions with the economy of a novel?

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"Everybody's Pepys" is an answer to that question. It is a condensation of the Diary, within the compass of the most indolent reader. Here is Dappey Dicky, with gay trimmings. Mr. Morshead, Mr. Shepard, Mr. Taylor, are all—as Pepys was—out for fun. This gaiety in production is excellent. The dignified blue volumes of Wheatley's edition are in keeping with Pepys's position of responsibility. But they tend to make us forget that the Diary was written by a young and merry man, who was always ready for a rough-and-tumble party where ladies and gentlemen smutted themselves with candle grease and soot, until they were like devils. Pepys could imitate his fine friend Mr. Povy, who loved to live nobly, and neatly, but no one will say that his immortal decade was all dignity and quiet. The torrent of confession is most fittingly displayed in a lively binding.

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But trimmings will not satisfy all questions. Has the text been treated fairly? Can anyone select without omitting passages that other Pepysians will sigh and bicker for? Well, if it is not perfect, it is the highest common divisor of what all readers will demand. For the first time, it is easy to find one's way round. The plots quicken surprisingly. The stories emerge. The most entertaining anecdotes are here, without the intervening lumber. Above all, the characters stand out clearly. From the damned ill-looked Duchess down through the alphabet to little Deb Willet, whose coming was the cause of much pain, there is none whose position in our memory is not improved by this presentation. And it is interesting to note how much is in this volume, which is not in Braybrooke. Fifty-two of Mr. Shepard's illustrations refer to specific phrases of the text. My copy of Braybrooke has only eighteen of those phrases. A great deal of what is most attractive in the Diary is obtainable only in this abridgment, and in no other edition except Wheatley's.

"Everybody's Pepys" will be successful immediately, as an apt Christmas present for those who are married, for those about to marry, for those who never intend to marry. Its real success, however, will not be measured in one season; it will go on until Mr. Shepard's drawings "date," and the "prelims" seem odd and curious. For the text, though virtuous, is cakes and ale. Its very popularity, I think, could be the ground of a lively critical argument. Is the Diary a work of art, or is it not? It would have puzzled Pepys to say. Obviously, he avoided any conscious interpretation, any expatiation, whether of the imagination or of the intellect. He was after a transcript of experience, and achieved one marvelously well. So far the argument is with the headstrong folk who would not call the Diary a work of art. But there is more to it than that. There is leaven at work. What is it which makes it fun to read about people who might well have been intolerable to live with? Something which is apart from photography. What then governs the selection from experience? An exuberance, a greediness for all sorts of incompatible aspects of life. But is not this quality an artistic *motif?* Yes, whether Pepys was conscious of it or not. I am not sure that Pepys was unaware. There is a remark of Conrad's:

> . . . . No, it is impossible; it is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch of one's existence—that which makes its truth, its meaning, its subtle and penetrating essence. It is impossible. We live, as we dream—alone. . . .

The whole effort of an artist is to disprove this statement. The effort of such a diarist as Pepys is also to disprove it. For the clubable Pepys retired to supposedly lonely regions, and found not himself only, but truths which are common to all humanity. With regard to writing which never approaches the plane of imagination or thought, the truth of Conrad's statement is usually obvious. But it does not apply to Pepys's "Diary."

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Nevertheless, we are on much less debatable ground when we consider Pepys's merits as a writer, apart from his qualities as an artist. Braybrooke apologized for the absence of "accuracy of style or finished composition." It would be more fitting to praise Pepys for an excellence of style whose essence is simplicity. In his correspondence, and in his Naval Minutes, he is occasionally labored and imitative of contortions whose elegance he admired; but the style which served him for his Diary is perfectly suited to his thoughts, which are simple, undecorated, and unlabored. His special gift for narrative rises to meet great occasions; as when he tells of fetching the King from Holland, of the Coronation, or of the Fire of London. In his greatest elevation, his words have perfect naturalness; as in the last page of all, where he bids his Diary farewell:

> And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me.

And for the man behind the Diary, who wrote his faults down plainly, when all is weighed up, surely he comes out well. "Had I been born a great person," says Montaigne, "I should have been ambitious to have made myself beloved, not to make myself feared or admired." I think that Pepys could truly have said the same. The strutting came largely from his consciousness of climbing—the consciousness which is part of the fun, for one likes to read of successful men. The weighing of Pepys is, however, a matter for fireside argument. Only there may we hear the case for Mrs. Pepys—poor Mrs. Pepys, always craving notice, and not getting it even in reviews.

There is another sentence in the same essay of Montaigne (on "Vanity"), which is apt when one considers Pepys. "I see, and am vexed to see, in several families I know, Monsieur about dinner time come home all jaded and ruffled about his affairs, when Madame is still pouncing and tricking up herself, forsooth, in her closet." The point of the quotation lies in the expression of vexation. The real livewithableness of Pepys is such that it is not with vexation or with malice that we read of his domestic squabbles, but with amusement in which there is as well æsthetic pleasure. In this sense at least his claim in the Naval Minutes is true. "My aim is for the good of futurity," he wrote there, some time after his Diary days; and, one is sorry to say, added the afterthought, "though little deserving it of me."

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A Test Case

By Lee Wilson Dodd

HERE is a book* of short stories which, after long and as I hope searching reflection, I conceive to be a literary test case of demonstrable importance. But, first, for the sake of critical candor, I shall have to begin this review with a personal confession.

When this book was sent to me in a package with other volumes, I came upon it and stared forlornly, with a sinking heart. Ruth Suckow . . . no, I had not read Ruth Suckow, but I had read unrestricted praise of her work by H. L. Mencken, and believed I knew in advance precisely what to expect: drab, as the *cliché* runs, realism. Unselective photography. The "art" of the drab realist consisted in finding some social and intellectual backwater, some dead though unburied locality, and then in pointing a camera here and there while pushing the button from time to time at random. Thus Plate I, when developed, would reveal perhaps part of an abandoned railroad-siding, one corner of a weed-patch, and the hind-quarters of a spavined horse; and in the foreground possibly, as chance "human interest," a lame girl picking up coals, smudged, unkempt, with the blank look on her anæmic face of the physically exhausted and mentally deficient. Plate II, backyard of a village "general store," with portrait of a depressed delivery boy engaged in filling the rubbish incinerator. And so on! Each plate filled with minute touches of entirely characteristic, and uterly boring, "truth." For, surely, by the time one has come to a certain age the pleasures of mere recognition have long since palled. "Iowa interiors," I groaned—"What a lot of them! And what of *any* of them! After all, even an Editor should try to cultivate some measure of mercy. What has one done or not done to deserve this abomination of desolation!"

Thus a week passed . . . and that confounded book in its cold gray-blue slipcover lay on my table, and created all round itself an atmosphere of dull endurance under unmerited neglect. It was more than flesh could stand. There was something very feminine about that book. It meant to have its rights sooner or later. It meant to be read.—It *was* read.

Wherefore, I humbly apologize to Miss Suckow, and to her discoverer, Mr. Mencken. Miss Suckow has qualities which lift, in moments of insight, very near to genius. "Iowa Interiors" is whole strata above drab realism, the uninspired reporting which we have had so much of, and which for an apprehensive week I had had in mind.

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The apology is sincere. And yet, I have not capitulated to the art of Miss Suckow. I believe that what she has chosen to do could hardly be better done. My persisting doubts cluster about her basic choice. That is why her book seems to me a literary test case, a critical problem of importance. American critics and American writers of fiction will do well to ponder the work of Miss Suckow, face this problem honestly, and make up their minds about it.

In order to state the problem fairly—indeed, to state it at all—one must begin by doing justice to a powerful mind, at once closely observant and subtly intuitive. Miss Suckow is not an unconscious artist. Behind her work lies, I suspect, a philosophical viewpoint which she is fully aware of, and perfectly understands. However that may be, it is certain that her narrative method—deliberately unemphatic naturalism—is a way of writing she has adopted; for of all fashions in story-telling naturalism is the most sophisticated, the most unnatural. The natural man as story teller is a romantic, a maker of splendid and pulse-quickening lies. The natural story teller is one whose fiery temperament and yearning imagination colors, intensifies, and transforms the world. What he expresses is not truth to external fact. That, he would inform you, were he able to reason, is work for beings of another stripe—work for the scholar, the scientist. As for himself, *he* is expressing another kind of truth —truth as to his own inner turbulence and unsatisfied aspirations. What the story teller should give you, he might add, is not a pallid pseudo-science, but the full surge of his own emotions, his un-

*Iowa Interiors. By Ruth Suckow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

trammeled and flame-feathered self. "Life is too tame, but *I* am not tamed!" That, I submit, is the authentic cry of the natural man as story teller.

And I do not, in its undisciplined crudity, defend that cry. Only, I ask you to bear it in mind as we return to the consideration of Miss Suckow's immensely sophisticated narrative method—unemphatic naturalism. "Life, in its average reaches, is tame and dull and sad," she whispers. "I must be very careful never to raise my voice."

She never does. The hushed monotony of her tone never varies. "Thus and so was thus and so," she murmurs. "Thus the days passed, and quiet folk passed with them. I am sorry they could not have been happier, but life is not made like that. I watch and record." It is an extraordinary performance, a miracle of seeming verisimilitude—but chiefly a miracle of self-repression. There are little triumphs of meticulous understatement on every page. And it all ends by putting one to sleep.

Now is there not something wrong with a technique which in its final perfection ends in Nirvana?

Whatever the true function or functions of art—of any art—may be, doubtless it will be agreed that the arts would never have won and maintained the very large place they hold in our lives if they were mechanisms for lowering our vital spirits, our psychic energy, our will to live. Beyond this broad, common-sense assertion, I am not here concerned to propose any theory as to the arts. In the long run no human interest or activity maintains itself which is inimical to the race. In one way or another the arts, taken in their entirety, are heighteners, intensifiers of the life-current, or they would not have lasted so long—in such obvious vigor.

Yet it is equally obvious that in any given art, at a given cultural period, there may well be experimental developments which run counter to this general tendency. On a long view art is an enhancer of human values, otherwise it could not survive; but short views may easily light upon many a false lead, ranging from the decadent and morbid to the frozen sterilities of the merely polite and academic. And in our own times, for the art of fiction, I believe we have in unemphatic naturalism another such false lead into an artistic *cul de sac*.

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The psychic energy of our age has gone chiefly into science—into the patient gathering (through observation and experiment) of facts, and of more or less verifiable ideas about them. Above all we have desired to understand nature, and ourselves as a part of nature. We have made—are making—swift progress in understanding. So thrilling has been this advance, so vast its consequences, that it has revolutionized human life, materially, and intellectually. And among its minor consequences has been the revolution it has produced in the art of fiction. Writers of fiction are impressionable beings, and they are apt to be more or less intelligent. Also, they wish to respect themselves. Why, they shamefacedly ask, in an age seeking truth, should we be purveyors of fantastic lies? Well, we *won't* be—not any longer! We, too, can do our bit for Science! We, too, can make exact observations, and record them with cool precision! If Fiction is to survive, it must become the handmaid of Fact! It is really a branch of descriptive psychology, with important contributions to make to sociology, anthropology, and several other -ologies!

Thus, unhappily, because they are impressionable beings with quick, illogical wits, our writers of fiction are swept away, and swirled aside by the deepest current of the age into a backwater, an artistic swamp. For there is one glory of the Sun, and another glory of the Moon. There is the glory of Science, and the glory of Art. But they are not one thing, and never can be. Art and science flower from utterly different seeds, germinated in utterly different levels of human nature.

I confess this seems to me a platitude for which it is tedious to argue. But if it *be* a platitude, why are not its critical implications more widely recognized? If art and science are really different activities, born of different impulses, then art that tries to ape or emulate science is bound to fail both as science and as art. It will fail as science because it cannot faithfully employ the technique of science. For example, it would be quite possible and perhaps desirable to make a sociological survey of a rural Iowa community. But such a survey, honestly made, would be first of all a collection of statistics (vital, agricultural, educational, etc.), capable of being verified (with necessary allowance for small percentages of error) by any patient person for the given place, and at an approximately given time. These statistics could serve no scientific purpose if in their gathering the least color of a temperament, a personal emotion or bias, had been introduced. Now it is not amusing to read statistics; there is no reason why it should be; on the contrary. They are studied, not without pain, only by those in stubborn quest of definite information. But that is not our mental attitude when we take up a work of fiction—any work of fiction; and to say this is to say very nearly all. We turn to fiction for other values. . . . *What* other values?

For æsthetic values, if you will—which is to say, for some quite special sort of emotional values. We wish to be moved—to be made to vibrate to the wonder and beauty and tears and terror and laughter of the world. We wish—through the suggestive power of language and through the contagion of another personality, the author's—to be made to throb with a deeper pulse of life. We are seeking contacts with vitality. We are hoping, are we not, to be charmed out of our quotidien selves into that emotional zone of harmonious awareness which men call—joy?

Surely art, in its fullest scope, is above all the joy giver. Surely, it is little or nothing if it does not (whether reasonably or absurdly) make us glad we have lived, and are still alive—if it does not persuade us to live more abundantly. It is neither a prettier, nor a moralizer of life. It is an added pulse, a stronger heartbeat. Well . . . at the very least, it is not, or should not be, a depressant, a soporific.

Now unemphatic naturalism——. But why continue? The one possible sequel is sufficiently clear.

Illustration by Elizabeth MacKinstry for "Tales of Laughter" (Doubleday, Page).

On a Certain Deference

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND DURING THE FIRST HALF CENTURY OF INDEPENDENCE. By ROBERT E. SPILLER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by NORMAN FOERSTER
University of North Carolina

THIS book is concerned with the first phase of that problem of a distinctive American culture which still remains unsolved. It is difficult to see that the young intellectuals of our time (some of whom are not so very young) have really added much, save verbiage, to the excited lucubrations of Emerson and Whitman, the most illustrious signers of our declaration of cultural independence. Possibly our wisest course is to refrain for a time from indignation and prophecy, and to employ our energies rather in making studies of the problem from an historical point of view—a task for which the present age is peculiarly fitted. We cannot, apparently, expect European scholars to make such studies for us: they are not particularly interested in the problem of American independence. In recent years Americans like J. L. Mesick and Allan Nevins have written historically on the English traveler in America, and now Robert E. Spiller has written historically on the American traveler in England. Although Mr. Spiller's scene is England, his subject is America—the attitude of early Americans toward their old home.

For this reason the chapter divisions of the book are based, not on aspects of the English scene, but on the classes of American travelers—Students, Artists, Envoys, Practical Tourists, The Philanthropic Traveler, A Note on Women, A Literary Wanderer and Others, Critics and Controversy, and Journalist Adventurers. Their letters, journals, diaries, diplomatic correspondence, poems, stories, essays, travel books, all have been examined to determine why they went abroad, what they observed and experienced, how they revealed their attitude toward England. Within the period under consideration, from the achievement of political independence to the year 1835 (perhaps 1837, the year of Emerson's "American Scholar" address would have been better), their attitude was one of diminishing deference.

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Deference was the result of American inferiority and British complacence. After the Revolution, England did not look upon America as a hostile foreign power. America, indeed,

> was not thought of as a nation at all; sometimes not even thought of. Her independence had been grudgingly granted, and the common belief was that it would be of short duration. An error had been made, an oversight which time would remedy. Meanwhile the best policy was good-natured tolerance for this handful of rebels, a patronizing calm which would show them how little their victory really harmed the great nation of England.

England was amply sure of herself; America soon realized the poverty of her culture. In field after field, from the industrial arts to theology, America patiently served her apprenticeship under her parent-enemy, till, with the passing of the years, she became something of a master in her own right, and grew less and less deferential. Thus, for example, "When the American merchant arrived in England in 1830 or thereafter, he was not an agent from an undeveloped wilderness, but a business or scientific man on an equal footing with his social equals in a foreign land."

If at first England did not regard America as a foreign land, no more did America so regard England. The birthplace of innumerable Americans, England was also "the home of the mind and sentiments of a nation largely composed of pioneers. She was home even to those who had never seen her, but had heard her spoken of with affection in intimate family circles, and with respect in the public prints." Sillman's "Journal," published in 1810, was "the first book of travels by an American which attempted to describe and discuss England as though she were actually a foreign land." Henceforth this sense of the foreignness of England (with its counterpart, the sense of American independence) was more and more manifest. Towards the end of the first half century, after extensive economic, and social changes had occurred in both countries, this attitude was displayed in an interesting way.

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The new order arising in England—expressed, for example, by the Reform Bill of 1832—was ill understood, while the old order, already moribund, strongly appealed to the imagination of the pioneer Republic of the West. "Although the American was brought up in an atmosphere of social and political idealism, as soon as he found himself in the land of his fathers, his mind turned backward, and he sought, by way of contrast, those elements in the British social order which the English themselves were rapidly leaving behind them." "The reverence of Irving for the type of life representd by the old English gentleman, the keen joy which Willis and Rush took in the fashionable society of the West End of London, even Jefferson's study of gardens—to say nothing of the common pilgrimages to ruins by other travelers—all show this tendency to seek out that which was already passing or past." "In almost every line of cultural or economic thought, the supposedly radical—almost savage—American was more conservative than his English brother." Witnessing the great changes in England, Ballard, White, and many others cried: "This is all very impressive, but the older agricultural order makes for greater happiness. Learn from England's example to hold to the established orders of economic structure." In literature, the American's first shrine was Abbotsford. As soon as the conservative reviews and fashionable society had pronounced favorably upon such authors as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, Campbell, Maria Edgeworth, Hannah Moore, James Montgomery, Wilson, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, they were placed in the American's major constellation, whereas Jane Austen, Shelley, Keats,

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Lamb, Hazlitt, and others who had not received the stamp of approval were in the main ignored or scorned.

Irving and Willis both advanced the pleasing theory that the interval of space which separated the two countries might function as the interval of a century and that American judgment was therefore in some respects a prophecy of the judgment of posterity. Yet their own actions and comments gave the lie to their pleasing ideas. Irving more than any one else made Stratford the chief literary shrine of the old country, and Willis, with his spirited gossip, made Bulwer and Disraeli popular in the new.

Mr. Spiller has conducted his study with exemplary patience and good taste. His method—dividing the travelers into classes, and following each individual traveler separately—has, to be sure, obvious disadvantages. What he says of a certain Quaker tourist may in a measure be said of himself, namely, that "his pages are crowded for the most part with notes on one thing after another, viewed in rapid succession and with little descriptive or critical comment." If the reader wishes to know what impression Americans derived from St. Paul's, for example, he must piece together the comments on pages 27, 28, 81, 159, 218, 230, 255, 313, 316, 339, 384, and 385. The figure of Wordsworth, now younger, now older, now younger again, stalks upon the page some score of times. It is only fair to remember, however, that Mr. Spiller's object was not to give a picture of England, but to study the points of view of Americans. To have done both, would have been to write two books. Had he written as an Englishman, he would have described the England of that age; as an American, he chose to contribute to our understanding of the problem of a distinctive American culture.

The Almighty State

MAN AND THE STATE. By WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by WARNER FITE
Princeton University

AS one of the "state-sceptics" thus named by Professor Hocking I shall not be expected to applaud too enthusiastically this latest argument for that Almighty State which is the modern substitute for Almighty God. Mr. Hocking does not indeed, with the late Bernard Bosanquet, attribute all questioning of the authority of the state to childish "petulance." Nor, with Professor Norman Wilde of Minnesota, does he present the curious phenomenon of an American state-university professor speaking of the state's as "the King's business." Mr. Hocking is too essentially good-tempered to present his state arrogantly; too democratic to think of the social order in terms of "higher and lower" classes. Nor is his state of necessity either all-benevolent or all-wise (though I fear that his argument to this effect confuses the state with the "leaders"). Nor is the state, again, a super-person, a group-person; nor is it (blessed word!) an organism; but simply a "general will-circuit," related to the citizens as the baseball field is related to the players, something non-mystical, yet (somewhat mystically, it seems) "nothing less than mankind in gestation with the better mankind to be." Like all good Hegelians, however, Mr. Hocking repudiates Hegel. And he even coins a queer word, "statolatry," to prove that he is no state devotee.

And yet, with all these disclaimers, what I seem to find is the same old Hegelian, even Treitschkean, state. The dominant question in political philosophy today is as follows. Each of us is a member, say of a state, of a church, of a college, of a labor-union, or, (if you like) of a lodge—and of many other such: how are these several allegiances to be related? Radical political theory tells us, following Laski, that one or another may be supreme, according to circumstances. Mr. Hocking will show that the state is necessarily and always supreme, supreme by natural right. And from his distinctively psychological avenue of approach this means, by right of human nature. The college, the lodge, the labor-union (the church appears to present a special and rather confusing issue) stand for interests that are more or less individual and casual, the state for what is generically human. What, then, is this generically human? Now Aristotle said that all men by nature desire to know; the Epicureans, that all men by nature desire to enjoy; Mr. Hocking says that all men by nature desire power—and the state exists to furnish the conditions of power. "The will to live, in man, takes the form of the will to power, *i. e.*, the will to be in conscious knowing control of such energies as the universe has, and to work with them in reshaping that universe."

The will to control nature—this is mainly what we seem to see here. Elsewhere we learn more. The state is the "unified will surplus." By the will surplus he means the desire, in each of us, to control, not himself alone, but others. "Each individual would like to make his neighbors and his community *just*, after his own idea of justice." Each of us would, undoubtedly—it is "human nature." But is it too mischievous to say that Mr. Hocking is here justifying his state by the natural itch, of each of us no doubt, to meddle with the lives of other persons?

This, however, is probably not the best angle from which to view his state. His most deliberate, also his most finely imaginative statement is that the state—as expressing the will to power—is the "maker of history." And history is a course of events made significant by "the common judgment of mankind." This it is in conception, but now what is it concretely? Says Mr. Hocking:

In times past, making war and playing for diplomatic advantage have been its (the state's) most typical activities. Even now, it is when the state makes war that the nation becomes most nearly a psychological unit. But war-making is only one of a genus of activities which make up the conversation of state with state; the number and variety of these activities now increases from year to year by leaps and bounds. They bid fair to furnish a genuine moral equivalent for war in keeping alive the common mind, will, and morale of peoples, an equivalent which cannot be found in dispersed private enterprises. The domestic activities *of peace* (italics mine) are not enough. The tonus of the entire group of state-functions depends upon the vigor of its outwardly-directed action.

Had Mr. Hocking omitted the two words italicized, I should have thought that his mind was occupied only with the "moral equivalents." As the passage stands I can take it to mean only this: without a state we cannot have war; and war is necessary if we are to "play a part" in history—that is, if we are to help in making human life a dramatic spectacle. I had supposed that this courtly view of history was peculiarly one of those "theories of the first look" characteristic of the popular mind. It is indeed a conception of history "diplomatically correct." But I wonder if anything could better suggest the minor importance of states in any larger view than to suppose that, let the intercourse between peoples be as significant as you please, it could never have the dignity of history except as conducted properly, through the medium of generals and diplomats.

These are but a few of the more crucial points in a book that is ripe with scholarship, full of genial observation on human nature, full, therefore, of interesting materials for discussion. And I might add that even as a state-sceptic—*i. e.*, as one who believes, with the framers of the now forgotten preamble to the Constitution of the United States, that the state is simply a convenient institution for the transaction of our common business—I have been compelled by Mr. Hocking's presentation to appreciate this convenience somewhat more warmly than before—by his interesting suggestion that the state, in freeing us from the tyranny of other groups, shows a greater regard than they for the individuality of each of us. Generally speaking, I feel that he is right; and if I found myself in the position of one accused of crime or dishonor I should much prefer, under most circumstances, simply as a matter of dignity, to take the case to court rather than to refer it to a college administration or to an association of college professors. There I should be claiming my rights as a man, not merely the privileges (somewhat doubtful) of a professor. But what does all of this mean? Hardly that the state is to be described as more finely considerate than other associations—this, in spite of Mr. Hocking, is to make the state a person; rather that the state loses its whole argument, and becomes one among others of the close corporations, so far as it excludes me or any other person within its territory. But this is only to say that the authority of the state under any given circumstances will be a question, not of natural right, but of fact.

Yet this comparison of rights and privileges is alone enough to suggest the change that has come over our political and social philosophy. Among the traditional chapters of political theory is one on "natural rights," conceived as individual rights. I find nothing corresponding to this in Mr. Hocking's book. Evidently he assumes that the question has ceased to exist. In other words, there is no longer any question of the state *vs.* the individual; it is now only a question of the state *vs.* other groups; and the individual is hardly considered except as a member of this or that group.

Greek and Frenchman

DEMOSTHENES. By GEORGES CLEMENCEAU. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THERE are several quite different questions involved in M. Clemenceau's "Demosthenes" One of them regards Demosthenes and Athens, and whether this defense or panegyric is a true account of the man and the situation. Another regards France, and what one is to think of the advice he gives to his countrymen, both directly and allegorically. Another is how much of a parallel he intends, and whether there is as much in the parallel as he thinks.

He thinks France, like Athens, the preëminent leader of the culture of the age; like Athens, indeed, in respect of being too intelligent, witty, artistic, and not sufficiently robust. Like Demosthenes, he is himself all for aggressive action, for a serried front, and has no use for "defeatists" such as Æschines and (presumably) M. Caillaux.

The parallel is more implied than stated. M. Clemenceau nowhere claims that it is specific or entire. He does not of course mean himself by Demosthenes, or specifically M. Caillaux by Æschines, or William II and Germany entirely by Philip and Macedonia. He is bringing out suggestive points of likeness here and there. Demosthenes is the ideal patriot and his policy the only right one, then as now. Æschines is the typical defeatist; Macedonia the brutal power threatening to destroy the exquisite flower of a civilization—too exquisite, insufficiently resolute and downright, too ready to discuss and distinguish, qualify and compromise.

Doubts and questions of all kinds swarm around M. Clemenceau's outlook and doctrine. That France or Frenchmen in any sense lack unity of front or resolute robustness seems, since the late war, an odd suggestion. Apparently there was not enough to satisfy M. Clemenceau's iron concentration, but others have thought that the bulldog grit displayed was phenomenal, even unexpected. He thinks that Athens lost the Peloponnesian war through the "foolish policy of Pericles in fighting only on the defensive." Others have thought she lost by deserting that policy after his death—that the apparent deterioration of Athens in the fourth century was due more to the loss of the flower of her young men in the Sicilian expedition (which Pericles would never have undertaken) than to her problematical over-refinement. The Fabian policy saved Rome and might have saved Athens.

As regards the policy of Demosthenes, historians have differed. Grote's admiration was almost as unqualified as M. Clemenceau's, to whom the Athenian orator is the greatest, wisest, and noblest of all Greeks. Of later historians, Adolf Halm thought the Greeks knew very well the Athenian feeling that only Athens really mattered, and knew her as little to be trusted as Philip, with the liberties of Greece. In Holm's opinion, Demosthenes's own attitude, however it may have stimulated his countrymen's course by encouraging their self esteem, nevertheless ruined his cause by alienating the Spartans and the other allies. J. B. Bury finds him a purblind patriot, who only saw (or only cared) that the increase of Macedonia meant the curtailment of

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Athens; whose political life was a brilliant and busy agitation without any comprehensive plan. He could admonish his fellow citizens to be up and doing, but he did not grapple seriously with any of the new problems of the day. It was not Demosthenes but Isocrates who saw in some measure "that the day for the expansion of Greece had come and that no existing Greek commonwealth was competent to conduct it. He (Demosthenes) preferred to regard Philip as a barbarian, threatening Hellas and her gods. There is no need to show that from the point of view of the history of the world his policy was retrograde and retarding."

Evidently a parallel drawn from the bases of Halm and Bury would not come to M. Clemenceau's results. "Clemenceau," wrote Mr. Maynard Keynes in connection with the Peace Conference, "felt about France what Pericles felt about Athens—unique value in her, nothing else mattering." Most nations think themselves, in one way or another, of unique value; but a perceptible assumption that nothing else matters does not attract confidence from other nations with vanities and interests of their own.

Continuing these doubts and questions—Is there any better proof that Æschines was in the pay of Philip than that Demosthenes took bribes of Harpalus? The opprobrium of "defeatism" is applied not only to those who weaken, but also to those who pull themselves out of the stampede of war psychology. Fighters to the last gasp on both sides are apt to leave both sides at the last gasp. Isocrates was a "defeatist," and none the less a patriot,—"that old man eloquent," who died of the news from Chæronea. Were the Macedonians "barbarians," or only such to the terrified complacency of the southern cities? Barbarism meant strictly one who did not speak Greek. Philip seems rather a typical Greek, something like Themostocles, brilliant and tricky. The Greek influence went out to the greater world in the wake of the Macedonian. Alexander was sometimes reckless, cruel, vainglorious; sometimes just and generous. So was Athens, sometimes. Both father and son had a weakness, a traditional or personal admiration, for Athens. Are the French like the Greeks, or the English like the Romans, or are not such parallels more misleading than instructive? Does France at present need a more serried front or a wider outlook and a more adequate appreciation of her brethren in the comity of nations? What Macedonian is threatening her liberties now?

But the parallel runs on happier lines when one turns to the personalities of M. Clemenceau and his hero. With a foe in front too strong for him—with only his eloquence to work with, and the support behind him as unstable as water—the fight which the Athenian put up, whether wise or unwise, was surely magnificent. And whatever one may think of M. Clemenceau's policies at the Peace Conference, it does not seem to disturb at all one's admiration for a career so brilliant and varied, a character so solid and consistent, a mind vigorous enough in extreme old age to put out a book as original and unexpected, as able and eloquent, as this.

Well's "Outline"*

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By H. G. Wells. New illustrated and revised Edition. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by H. G. Wells

THERE were many reasons to move a writer to attempt a World History in 1918. It was the last, the weariest, most disillusioned year of the great war. Everywhere there were unwonted privations; everywhere there was mourning. The tale of the dead and mutilated had mounted to many millions. Men felt they had come to a crisis in the world's affairs. They were too weary and heart-sick to consider complicated possibilities. They were not sure whether they were facing a disaster to civilization or the inauguration of a new phase of human association; they saw things with the simplicity of such flat alternatives, and they clung to hope. There was a copious discussion of possible new arrangements of world-politics; of world-treaties for the abolition of war, of leagues of nations, leagues of peoples. Everyone was "thinking internationally," or at least trying to do so. But there was a widespread realization that everywhere the essentials of the huge problems that had been thrust so suddenly and tragically upon the democracies of the world were insufficiently understood. "How had these things come about?" they asked, trying to probe behind the disputes about Sarajevo and the Belgian "scrap of paper" to the broader, remoter causes of things.

Men and women tried to recall the narrow history teaching of their brief schooldays and found an uninspiring and partially forgotten list of national kings or presidents. They tried to read about these matters, and found an endless wilderness of books. They had been taught history, they found, in nationalist blinkers, ignoring every country but their own, and now they were turned out into a blaze. It was extraordinarily difficult for them to determine the relative values of the matters under discussion. Multitudes of people, all the intelligent people in the world, indeed—who were not already specially instructed—were seeking more or less consciously to "get the hang" of world affairs as a whole. They were, in fact, improvising "Outlines of History" in their minds for their own use.

The writer is not in any professional sense an historian, but he has been making out his own private Outline from the beginnings of his career. He has always been preoccupied with history as one whole and with the general forces that make history. It is the twist of his mind. Even when he was a science student he kept a notebook for historical

Æsop. From "Caxton," by Nellie Slayton Aurner (Houghton Mifflin).

reading. . . . For some time before he began his "Outline" he had been working upon the problems of after-war settlement and the project of a League of Nations; in the days, that is, before the late President Wilson took possession of that proposal. . . . All the people who were interested in these league of nations projects were at sixes and sevens among themselves because they had the most vague, heterogeneous, and untidy assumptions about what the world of men was, what it had been, and therefore of what it could be. In very many cases, there was extraordinarily exact special knowledge combined with the most crude and naïve assumptions about history in general.

It seemed more and more advisable to the writer to get together maps and notes, read rather more systematically than he had hitherto done, and clear up for himself a number of historical issues upon which he was still extremely vague. As soon as he had embarked upon this, it became evident to him that he might do much more useful work by developing his private memoranda upon the main shapes of history into a sort of general report and handbook for the use of men and women busier than himself or preoccupied with other things, than by wrangling more and more hopelessly over impossible constitutions for improbable world confederations. The more he entertained this project of writing a review of existing knowledge of man's place in space and time, the more difficult, attractive, and unavoidable an undertaking it appeared to him.

So the "Outline" spread and enlarged itself as he contemplated it. For a time he hesitated before the epic immensity of this broadening task. He asked himself whether this was not rather a work for an historian than for one whose chief writings hitherto had been either speculative essays or works of fiction. But there did not seem to be any historian available who was sufficiently superficial, shall we say—sufficiently wide and sufficiently shallow to cover the vast field of the project.

Historians are for the most part very scholarly men nowadays; they go in fear rather of small errors than of disconnections; they dread the certain ridicule of a wrong date more than the disputable attribution of a wrong value. It is right and proper that this should be so, and that in a hasty and headlong age a whole class of devoted men should maintain an exacting standard of fine precisions. But these high standards of detailed accuracy make it hopeless for us to go to the historians for what is required here. For them this would not be an attractive task but a distressing task. . . . It would indeed have meant disaster to the academic reputation of any established historical authority to have admitted an intention of writing a complete Outline of History, and, even were that promise given, the general reader would still have had to wait many years for its performance. The standing of the present writer, however, who is by nature and choice as remote from academic respect as he is from a dukedom, enabled him to interest the public in history without any such sacrifice of dignity and distinction, such risks from hostile criticism, as a recognized authority would have had to incur. It was his happy privilege to offend inaccessibly; he is a literary Bedouin, whose home is the great outside, who knows no prouder title than his name, whose only conceivable honor is his own. This or that specialist might rage at his scandalous neglect of this or that precious item of that specialist's monopoly; it would not matter very much. He could go unblushingly to standard works and ordinarily accessible material; he was not even obliged to pretend to original discoveries or original points of view; his simpler undertaking was to collect, arrange, determine the proportion of the parts and phases of the great adventure of mankind, and write. He has added nothing to history. At least he hopes he has added nothing to history. At has merely made a digest of a great mass of material, some of it very new material, and he has done so in the character of a popular writer considering the needs of other ordinary citizens like himself.

* * *

Yet the subject is so splendid a one that no possible treatment, however unpretending, can rob it altogether of its sweeping greatness and dignity. If sometimes this "Outline" is labored and pitifully insufficient, at others it seems almost to have planned and written itself. Its background is unfathomable mystery, the riddle of the stars, the measurelessness of space and time. There appears life struggling towards consciousness, gathering power, accumulating will, through millions of years and through countless billions of individual lives, until it reaches the tragic confusions and perplexities of the world of to-day, so full of fear and yet so full of promise and opportunity. We see man rising from lonely beginnings to this present dawn of world fellowship. We see all human institutions grow and change; they are changing now more rapidly than they have ever done before. The display ends in a tremendous note of interrogation. The writer is just a guide who brings his reader at last to the present edge, the advancing edge of things, and stops and whispers beside him: "This is our inheritance." . . .

On this huge prospect our "Outline" makes its report. To the best of the writer's ability this is how that vision looks to-day. But he writes within his own limitations and the limitation of his time. The "Outline" is a book of today—with no pretensions to immortality. It is the current account. This "Outline of History" of 1925-26 will in due course follow its earlier editions to the second-hand bookbox and the dust-destructor. More gifted hands with fuller information and ampler means will presently write fresh Outlines in happier phrases. The "Outline of History" the writer would far prefer to his own would be the "Outline" of 2025-2026; to read it and, perhaps with even more curiosity, to pore over its illustrations.

All of us, if by some miracle we could get that copy of the "Outline of History" for 2025-2026, would, I suppose, turn first to the amazing illustra-

* The "Outline" in its first edition has already been elaborately reviewed in these pages. Mr. Wells's own statement of his purpose in writing this book is the best possible review of the new edition. We reprint it here in part.

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tions of the last chapters and then to the accompanying text. What astonishing events! What unbelievable achievements! But, afterwards, this writer at least would go back to the early chapters to see how much of the story that is told here survived.

The chief purpose of the present revision has been to make the "Outline" simpler and easier to read.

Tara Is Grass

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES STEPHENS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $3 net.

Reviewed by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE Irish literary movement has already passed through two phases, and seems destined to emerge into a third. The first phase started with the magnificent epic tales of Standish O'Grady—for the strange, tragic figure of Mangan belongs properly to the remote Middle Ages and recalls the bards who sang at the high feasts of dead and forgotten kings,—and it culminated in the plays and poems of Yeats, the dramas of Synge, the fantasies of Dunsany, the essays of A. E. The achievements of this phase of Irish literature are now a solid part of literary tradition wherever the English language is read and studied. Unfortunately, all these writers were infected to a certain extent with the attitude of mind of the nineties—an attitude that regarded literature as something remote from life, that was in a sense afraid of life's coarseness, its hardness, its vulgarity. Yet the movement these men represented had enough momentum to produce a second crop of writers, and in this crop the figure of Mr. Stephens stands high. His merited popularity as a prose writer has kept him from sharing the usual fate of the poet, and has enabled him to conquer a wider audience than might have been his had he been primarily and entirely a singer.

* * *

Mr. Stephens opens his collected poems with a preface in which he reveals the fact that he has taken his previous books of verse and has reprinted them, not in chronological order but grouped under subjects. As a matter of fact, by so doing he has, though perhaps unconsciously, contributed to the confusion of values and ideas concerning art that is so distressingly prevalent today. If we could read Mr. Stephens's work chronologically, we could see what his point of departure was, and what he really aimed at. To a true lover of poetry it is of the utmost importance that Milton began with "Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and ended with "Samson Agonistes;" or that Keats began with "Endymion," and ended with "Hyperion." A poet's work should have a logical development and aim as the poet goes along the way of life. To believe in arrested development for the artist is as bad as to believe in arrested development for man, or for the world at large. The Parable of the Talents which we read in the New Testament is surely the wisest and truest word said on the subject. If Mr. Stephens has chosen to mingle his old poems with his new, we cannot avoid the awkward suspicion that he has at bottom written always the same sort of poem—a suspicion strengthened before we reach the end of these two hundred and fifty pages.

But, says Mr. Stephens in his Preface, what would you have? "Within the last thirty years the tempo of the whole world has enormously accelerated. We must evolve a new technique, or must continue to compose and paint and write in the only form that can deal with an interim situation or with speed—the lyrical form." An ingenious argument, but not just. It has yet to be proven that the tempo of any age has any effect upon the art-form the age evolves: that is a question rather of religious, sociological, economic, and other factors. To the Elizabethans, the age they lived in may have seemed even speedier than ours: there were new continents to discover, Armadas to fight, plagues and insurrections to put down; religion was crumbling, art had been shaken up by the Italians, morals were in a bad way, and so on.

The trouble with this age, on the contrary, is not its speed but its superficiality. We are all too busy to think twice on any subject. We accept too easily all that we are told. We have lost the habit of finding out things for ourselves, and have become like children living in the midst of great accumulations of confused information, and behaving as if all these facts about life were our toys to be played with or broken. Even Mr. Stephens behaves like a child breaking his toy when he says that epic is now impossible, being the product of a matured age, and coming at the end of an epoch. As a matter of fact, the great epics of the world are all the products of new, warrior, feudal societies which had overcome the mature civilizations of the past—and which saw those civilizations as something remote and august and gigantic and awful. Epic is, therefore, the product, not of an old age, but of a vividly new one—lyric, satire, and drama are the stages towards maturity, while philosophy and fiction mark the decadence. Mr. Stephens would do well to study history more deeply.

To turn from this preface to the poems themselves is to admit that in Mr. Stephens, the Irish school perhaps possesses its finest craftsman. Now that Mr. Yeats has practically given up writing there is no one to compete with him. Cunningly and adroitly does this poet ring the changes on a few well-chosen notes. There is the poem expressing sorrow for passing things; that of awe and terror at the presence of God; that of ecstasy at a bird's song (Mr. Stephens, like all Georgian poets, English or Irish, writes well about birds); that of lilting mockery or pity. But rarely does Mr. Stephens strike a more poignant note, and never a harsher one. Even in the midst of his realistic portraits, which are that of a Masefield turned Irishman, and his delvings into mysticism, which are William Blake dashed with Brahminism, he is able to find again the authentic voice of Thomas Moore and to write a stanza like this:

> I was there all alone in the night,
> With the moon; and we talked for awhile;
> And her face was a wonder of light
> And her smile was a beautiful smile!

This stanza is in its way a great achievement. It could only have been reached by excessive, and brooding care for each syllable. To achieve such felicity and ease, and to say nothing, is perhaps the supreme goal of the poet's technique. But technique and craftsmanship are not everything, and I find Mr. Stephens frequently blurring the fine edge of what might be a memorable poem by a trick other Irish writers have frequently employed, that of shying away from his idea, and writing the last stanza as a weak anti-climax to all that has gone before. Consider the following, chosen for its briefness:

> I grow single and sure,
> And I will not endure
> That my mind should be seen
> By the sage or the boor.
>
> I will keep, if I can,
> From each brotherly man
> The help of their hands
> Is no part of my plan.
>
> I will rise, I will go,
> To the land of my foe:
> For his scowl is the sun
> That shall cause me to grow.

The last two lines here weaken the picture, tone it down, make it soft and pleasant. Mr. Stephens is either too adroit a performer or too careless a thinker to pursue his idea to its logical end. He is content after all to suggest rather than to state. This is the art of the minor poet. And, on the whole, he is to be preferred when, like the best of minor poets, he avoids realism and cultivates a Herrick-like lightness and daintiness.

A Russian Idyll

MITYA'S LOVE. By IVAN BUNIN. Translated from the French by Madelaine Boyd. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $2.

BUNIN, although comparatively little known in this country, belongs to the generation of Gorki—he is fifty-six—and he already had a career behind him when the Revolution drove him from Russia in 1919. Of late he has been living in Paris, where he, with various other Russian refugee writers, have contributed to a little magazine, *Contemporary Writing*, published in Russian, in which, a year or two ago, "Mitya's Love" appeared.

One of the incidentally interesting things about this little novelette, which is more an expanded short story than a novel in the ordinary sense, is the absence of reference, direct or indirect, to the Revolution, and the completeness with which the artist—and Bunin is that—goes back to the atmosphere of his earlier days. He never took any interest in politics and avoided most of the ante-bellum literary discussions and rows, but some of his references to Russia since he left it have shown enough of the familiar "refugee psychology" to make all the more unusual this intense and purely lyrical study of young love.

There is only a wisp of plot on which to hang this story of the dreams and despair of a boy of seventeen, and but for a word here and there the essential Mitya might almost as well be Ludwig, Alphonso, Eduardo, or Jim. "Russian," in a sense, is the sensitiveness to nature—Bunin spent a large part of his time in Russia on a country estate—the way in which earthy sights and smells and sounds accompany and somehow interpret what is going on inside the boy who moves among them, and also the candor with which the physical as well as the idealistic manifestations of Mitya's tragedy are told. But the outstanding quality of the tale is its universality, a lyricism uncluttered with local reference and put in terms of rare beauty.

An Irish Legend

ULICK AND SORACHA. By GEORGE MOORE. London: Nonesuch Press. 1926.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

MR. MOORE'S new book is beautiful to see, with its vellum wrapper and its exquisitely chosen type, and there is no less beauty in its contents. It is so easy to read! The perfect flow and flexibility of this prose is more than welcome after the laborious mannerisms, miscalled "style," which impregnate so many otherwise admirable pieces of present-day writing. With serenity and candor the legend of Ulick de Burgo and his Princess Soracha is detailed, and a background of the greatest historical importance is lightly filled in. The atmosphere of fourteenth century Ireland is a new one for George Moore, but he has made it completely his. The early "Irish problem," the Norman and Scot invaders, the warrings and adventures are given the precise shade of emphasis necessary to throw the persons of the story into the limelight of actuality. Somehow the obscure archæological feeling that is only too apt to result from a detailed study of any period more than a hundred years ago has been avoided. The explanation is simple.

After the years, after the vicissitudes of thirty books, two things, in fact, seem to have been preserved to George Moore,—his love for Ireland and his hard won style. The former explains the vivid success of "Ulick and Soracha" quite as much as the latter, especially if it is considered as a recreation of mediæval times. It is not, in itself, easy to see what transformation the man has undergone, for in the beginning he did not care for Ireland as he did for France, and he wrote badly,—how badly only George Moore has dared to say of late. It is not difficult to trace the sheer devotion and loving care that have made of him more than a good writer, but the growth of his imagination amidst the labyrinth of his subjects, until we come to such fine things as "Hail and Farewell" and this new book, is a greater problem. It is a change more strange and more pronounced than mere legitimate development.

From problem novels and imitations of Zola, from biblical drama, from Mayfair and Paris, from far lands and frail, all too frail, subjects he has come home again to Ireland, and few wanderers have been more welcome. For in doing so, he has not only written one of his best books. He has created his greatest character. A fine skill and a high power have been Mr. Moore's in writing of Tadhg, the servant and harper of Ulick de Burgo. Captured by the Bruce and exiled in Scotland, his adventures form the bulk of the book. One comes to know him amazingly well. A devout man, terrified of divine retribution, yet infinitely curious, faithful yet opinionated, he is as much an enduring type as the Sancho Panza whom he resembles. Through this man's talk, the author again gives us his views of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Tadhg's skirmishings and retreats on the subject of women, demonstrated in his marriage, are in Mr. Moore's well known manner. But he has never been more eloquent and persuasive, and his indiscretions, like everything else in this book, are carefully kept in their proper place. For the rest, how clearly he has seen these people and how clearly he has conveyed his vision! A great lesson, by contrast, is here for anyone who cares at all for writing as an art, rather than as a convenience. The lesson is called: How to write simply and well.

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History in Masquarade

REVELRY. By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

"REVELRY" describes itself, perhaps for prudential reasons, as "a novel of the time just beyond our own day;" which is correct, if you look backward. It is the story of the golden prime of good old Warren Harding, of the oil scandals, the Veterans' Bureau thieveries, the Ohio gang. The publishers' jacket is having its little joke in suggesting that "twelve persons will be identified with each man and woman in the book;" the informed reader of the newspapers will have no trouble in identifying all of them (except one or two pure inventions added for the sake of the plot) although Mr. Adams has used the fiction writer's privilege of alteration and combination as his needs require.

He has taken no more liberties with the facts, and the rumors, than historical novelists are constantly taking in writing about periods a little more remote. Nobody would criticize the method if he were dealing with Charlemagne, or Louis XIV, or Napoleon III; but because the material is fresh a great many people will accuse him of bad taste, especially after Republican zealots have started the mob scene. It is not bad taste to steal everything loose around Washington, but it is bad taste (so one was copiously assured in 1924) to call attention to it. Mr. Adams, however, is an old *Sun* man, indoctrinated with the *Sun* tradition that whatever God permits to happen (even the *Sun* had to pretend to believe in God, in the days when this phrase was coined) is fit to print.

It is true that the incidents of the story include not only verified facts, but some matters which are still *sub judice;* and juries being what they are, their verdict may not accord with that of history. There is also a good deal that was Washington gossip, but never found its way into the record, for reasons which did not always reflect on its credibility. And there are some incidents which are pure invention for the sake of the plot—an action plot, including two murders, two or three love affairs, and a Presidential suicide.

* * *

There will be disagreement as to the propriety of such a commingling of fact, fiction, and more or less unverified hypothesis. But, as observed above, it is the traditional method of the historical novel. Men who make history should expect to see their doings, and the surmises to which their behavior gave rise, set down in print. Some of us are old-fashioned enough to hold that the men whose actions gave Mr. Adams his inspiration do not come into court with clean enough hands to complain about any small embellishments that may have been added by the fiction writer.

And what a magnificent store of material it is, the whole glittering, grotesque, sordid, and obscene spectacle of these states in the twenty-ninth presidentiad (no more than a spectacle, unhappily, for though it may turn the stomach of the earnest patriot the general public agreed to look on it as a good show and nothing more). It is enough to tempt any author—and yet there have been not more than three or four authors in history who could do it justice. Aristophanes, Petronius, Rabelais—who are unhappily defunct. Several young men have lately nominated themselves as the Petronii of our time, but none of them found a second for his motion; many called themselves but few were chosen. Even Mark Twain was only moderately successful in turning our previous Gilded Age into fiction. Only the very greatest satirists could deal adequately with the Harding administration—and Mr. Adams has had the rare modesty to realize that he is not a great satirist, and the rare judgment to refrain, accordingly, from trying to be a satirist at all.

He has done more than that. The publishers' jacket does him grave injustice in calling "Revelry" a big novel. America is short on satirists, great or small, but it simply crawls with writers of big, large, great, stupendous, vital, or significant novels. One can think of twenty American authors who, confronted with the Harding administration, would be unable to refrain from writing a great novel about it—an interpretative novel, which should correlate that outbreak of grand and petty larceny with the movement of history and the spirit of the time. Well, there is undoubtedly a great novel in the material—a truly great novel, not a great novel as the phrase is understood today; but it would take a truly great novelist to get it out. The name does not come to mind at the moment. Mr. Adams has had the wisdom to perceive that in these times a non-great novel has a scarcity value, and has contented himself with using the material to make a good story.

To this reviewer he seems to deserve more praise for what he has refrained from doing than for what he has actually done; his material is too good, so good that there is little to be done with it. Much of the book seems an old story because one has already read it all in the newspapers. What was evidently the chief interest of the author will probably be the chief interest of the reader as well—the character study of President Willis Markham; "torpid, good-humored, complacent, friendly, indulgent to himself, obliging to others, as loyal as a Samurai, full of party piety, a hater of the word 'No,' faithful to his own code of private honor, reliable, and as standardized as a Ford car." There is a good deal of pathos in the picture of the struggle of a third-rate intelligence with the duties of the Presidency, grown too great for even a first-rate intelligence; in his sigh of relief when he can come back to the accustomed ease of the friendly poker game with the old gang; and in the occasional outbursts of rage when this slow-witted man who trusted his friends but was honest according to his dim lights discovered what his friends were really doing.

The picture of the President who was too small for his job is done with genuine sympathy, and even his grafting friends are treated with detachment; though the remark that a certain woman was "vain as only blondes fighting the approach of forty can be" sounds like a mean dig at somebody. If there is a villain in the story it is the great sap public. Mr. Adams agrees with Miss Millay; the audience will forget. It has forgotten already.

But leaving moral reprobation to the future (the present being obviously uninterested) there is a good story here, and if it fails of absorbing interest the reason is only that to newspaper readers it is already familiar. And at any rate Mr. Adams deserves the Pulitzer prize for Modesty; he is that rarest of feathered creatures, the angel who fears to tread.

A Rip Van Winkle Town

THE FIDDLER IN BARLY. By ROBERT NATHAN. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES E. NOYES

MOST of the contemporary American novelists are possessed of a consuming desire to be great. In their interesting and sometimes noteworthy failures, unfortunately, authors of more merit but lesser pretensions are apt to be buried. It is unfortunate, also, that the admirers of such an author, to make themselves heard, must cry superlatives which do not entirely become him, which tend to convey the impression that he is merely another of the innnumerable superlatively praised literary lights.

Robert Nathan is not of his generation in any sense which makes comparison possible, although he is undoubtedly affected by the *zeitgeist.* He has received favorable notice because he writes well, from the standpoint of classical as well as of impressionistic criticism; and because he has enough both of personality and ability to make important the material which he uses. He is read by a few who care to appreciate delicacy and restraint which do not depend upon neurasthenically repressed passions for their effectiveness, but he has not yet been found by any large portion of his potential audience. In "The Fiddler in Barly," he offers a fourth novel charming equally with the others.

As usual, he makes use of a style which is quiet, careful, precise. Not pervading, but like fluted columns holding it to a level of fine urbanity, are passages of subdued humor. This, for example, with the setting a small church:

> But Mr. Shrub, the postmaster, saw something else: he saw the letters which came to them, now and then, from other places. A letter from far away did a queer thing to a man; it gave him a secret. Mr. Shrub saw the hills around Barly, and beyond that, other hills—hills, plains, rivers, all the way across the world. It made his heart beat to think of so many places where he'd be a stranger. Not wishing to think about such things in church, he bowed his head, and thought about heaven instead. He was more at home there; there was nothing strange about heaven.

The story concerns itself with the inhabitants of a Rip Van Winkle town, their individual affairs, the reactions between them and a pantheistic fiddler who becomes hired man for the town's widow. In this isolated setting, things of importance are a love affair between the minister's daughter and the organist, the disillusion of a child who worships the minister's daughter, the postmaster's baffled desire to travel. The fiddler himself is an actor who has played previously the parts of the schoolmaster in "Autumn," of "The Puppet Master," and of Naaman in "Jonah." He is again a different character in his new rôle, but he brings to it remembrance of the others. He is still a romantic poet who does not quite succeed at his self-imposed task of taking the world as it is, but he has now attained, after all, some joy of life. He has occasionally to talk philosophically to keep his courage up.

He carries very well the *leit-motif* of all of Mr. Nathan's novels. While he may overcapitalize the ideas of Youth and Age, of Love and Beauty, he is possessed of that rare compassion which has in it no contemptuous pity. The other characters have most actually youth or age, love and beauty, and in their presence he is superb.

This same *motif* is executed harmoniously, in a lesser key, by his dancing dog Musket, and the members of the barnyard society. Batholomew, the cock, has a magnificent climax which coincides with, and motivates, the climax of the book.

The Press Boss Unveiled

SAVIOURS OF SOCIETY. By STEPHEN McKENNA. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN GRAHAM

THE long extracts from Browning's "Prince Hohenstich-Schwangau at the heads of the chapters of Stephen McKenna's new novel make the book look dull. For the later Browning was very tedious. But his "Saviours of Society" is better than Browning's poem and is in fact a very good novel.

Its subject is the Newspaper Chief, a variant of Arnold Bennett's "Lord Raingo." It is curious how much fiction of this kind London has produced this fall. Even Wells's "William Chissold with his brother's religion of publicity is concerned with the same type of pseudo-hero. McKenna has thought fit to portray the late Lord Northcliffe and call him Ambrose Sheridan. An unkind fate has forced a fastidious young writer who evidently loathed Northcliffe to duplicate the Napoleon of Carmelite street lovingly in the imagination.

It is a psychological study but it follows Lord Northcliffe's life closely, stopping short abruptly without going on to his madness and death. A vulgar, impulsive, full-blooded man not touched to fine issues, but possessed of body and nerve superior to that of most of his rivals, Sheridan romps to power in easy-going modern England. He is not a man of genius, but through the accident of modern commercial valuation his personality gets multiplied by his newspapers and by his weath. In England a man who has a million is automatically considered greater than a man who has half a million. In fact it is easier for a business man to make a reputation of greatness over there than it is here. Selfridge is a genuinus, *vide* H. G. Wells; Lever on a pyramid of Sunlight-Soap used to be thought a super man. But in truth Selfridge is only equal to Wanamaker, and Lord Leverhulme being dead and already forgotten is considerably less than our Mr. Colgate.

Ambrose Sheridan, like Lord Northcliffe, found himself exalted above his station and still craved for power and thought of himself as a Napoleon. He had a very charming wife, though even Molly Northcliffe was hardly such an angel as Laura Sheridan. He was childless, wanted an heir, wanted to found a dynasty, and he had various affairs outside of matrimony.

The best of "Saviours of Society" is the portrayal of the women in it. There are two good women—the neglected wife, Laura, and the desired wife-to-be, Aureol. Aureol's mother is also cleverly indicated. McKenna shows himself less cynical than he is by reputation and allows his feminine characters to win one's heart in an old fashioned way. The love and self-sacrifice of Laura is unusual and appealing and when she offers to put herself in the wrong and be divorced as an unfaithful woman one cannot help

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being moved even if remaining a little incredulous. The immature but brilliant Aureol is very real—and very attractive.

Only the politicians in the book are a little unconvincing. There is too much beefsteak in them. Their mind and their political morals are mediocre. No real men oppose Ambrose Sheridan and for that reason the reader is indulgent to him. He escapes condemnation. There is no one, not even Mr. Baldwin, who is a great moral force in English life. But were Ambrose Sheridan trying to thwart an Abraham Lincoln or anyone with authority of character or real genius he would at once look like a great villain.

The book ends like a sliced film, on a very problematical situation and no indication of a solution is given. I am inclined to think that Ambrose Sheridan would have saved no one, neither his girl-love, nor his mistress, nor his wife, nor society. The novel is sardonically entitled "Saviours of Society."

Huxley of the High Hand

JESTING PILATE: AN INTELLECTUAL HOLIDAY. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by MONTGOMERY BELGION

MR. HUXLEY has been playing at Carrie Nation with the world for his oyster-bar. Those who, on the evidence of his novels and stories, have got him docketed as cynical, disgusted, disillusioned, devoid of ideals, not to mention "sophisticate" and "enervate" (the indigenes hereabouts, have you noticed? have taken to dropping their d's, perhaps to avoid daming their flow of prose), will have to change the label. They should have pondered his journalism more seriously. At any rate it is easy to discern now that "On the Margin" and "Along the Road" were harbingers of the metamorphosis that has resulted in this book. But he has gone further than those works ever led one to expect. In them, forsooth, he was often high hat; now, however, he uses the high hand. He rides over the world roughshod. He has developed a prodigious, a portentous "moral earnestness."

Those who like to harken to a good scold need not read any further; they may hasten at once to the bookstore where they will find this volume admirably printed on good paper but outrageously lacking an index.

* * *

Meanwhile, for the less urgently masochistic, I will continue. The qualities that have endeared Mr. Huxley to his far too restricted public are here in full measure. Among these qualities are:

First, a habit of saying either (a) exactly what the reader already believes or (b) exactly the opposite of what the reader believes. It doesn't matter whether it is (a) or (b): the result is equally satisfying. Whether, for instance, the reader thinks of the Taj Mahal as a wedding cake in marble or whether he (or she) considers it to be a sample of those Pearly Gates of which St. Peter is the guardian, Mr. Huxley's reflections on it will supply a quantitatively identical thrill.

Second, an air of erudition. I don't mean Mr. Huxley hasn't real erudition, but it is paraded with an air, and it is that air which is so charming. Here again it matters little whether or not the reader is familiar with the Euripidean chorus, Aristophanes's "Frogs," Racine, Callot's etchings, Scaliger and Bentley, Palladio's Rotonda at Vicenza, the *Hibbert Journal*, William of Tyre, Niccolo Pisano, the poem "Don Leon," Marco Polo, Edgar Allan Poe, Claude le Lorrain, or Dryden and "The Custom of the Country." It doesn't matter whether he imagines Callot to be a dressmaker and Bentley a maker of motor-cars. The ignorant and the learned alike will find Mr. Huxley's manner of referring to all these irresistibly captivating.

Third, a sense of humor. This is particularly Mr. Huxley's own, but once a taste for it has been acquired, it is, like a taste for hashish, insatiable. He is the only Anglo-Saxon one can think of who can make a Gallic joke with an easy Gallic abstention from grossness.

But here these qualities are merely the tiger's purr, Carrie's muff concealing the hatchet. Here Mr. Huxley reveals himself as a stern Mentor and Telemachus, the poor world, gets it in the cervical vertebræ every time. "To travel," he says on page 241, "is to discover that everybody is wrong," and, by heck! he means it.

See America first. America began for Mr. Huxley far beyond the Pacific, at Worldpeace, a burg in Batavia. He was surprised to find the world, the western world, and peace thus so amicably juxtaposed. For the western world, in the shape of films from Hollywood, seemed to him so imbecile as to justify "the Javanese in rising and murdering every white man they met." Hollywood, he concluded in short, was further lowering the white man's already sunken prestige. America continued in Manila: nine reporters had interviewed Mr. Huxley within three hours of his arrival. It reappeared at Kyoto, Japan, "two or three hundred times as large as any possible Wild Western original" of a mining camp. He crossed the Pacific in an American ship: clickings like the telling of beads could be heard taking place behind cabin-doors—the rattle of ice, it was—and the legacy of Faraday and Clerk Maxwell he found employed to let the passengers learn on the first morning out from Yokohama that "Mrs. X, girl wife of Dr. X, aged 79, had been arrested for driving her automobile along the railroad track, whistling like a locomotive."

* * *

Yet San Francisco provided a shock: he gave the reporters his prejudices on the English general strike; in print he found his views completely reversed. From a mild laborite he had been converted into a vociferous yea-sayer for Mr. Baldwin. Then Los Angeles, the City of Dreadful Joy, the miles of films in process of manufacture, the announcements of the rival religious sects "advertising the spiritual wares that they would give away, or sell on the Sabbath;" Baptists with a Giant Marimaphone, Methodists with carnations, Congregationalists with Jackie Coogan, Advanced Thoughters with Miss Leila Castberg, Evangelists with "an old-fashioned revival;" Los Angeles with the gargantuan profusion of its restaurants, and between the succulent courses flappers and young men dancing, "clasped in an amorous wrestle;" Los Angeles with its great canticle, *Taedium laudamus!* Then Chicago's telephone directory and meditations on Mr. Veal, the undertaker trying to make himself the equal of "a physician, mathematician, academician, politician—not to mention Titian" by calling himself a mortician. Finally New York, where Mr. Huxley studied the contemporary drama, "The Cradle Snatchers" (Wycherley without the wit), "Sex" (living up to its simple name), &c.

But India catches it just as hot. The architecture of Bombay, the Mogul gardens—Shalimar and Nishat Bagh—the Kashmiris' habits, the yellow-robed holy man on the way from Peshwar to Lahore, Hindu art generally, the Thermopylean behavior of the delegates to the Cawnpore Congress, Hindu "spirituality" ("the primal curse of India"), Cawnpore medical advertisements, the Serpent which tried to swallow the sun at Benares before 1,000,000 pilgrims, "The Glass Palace Chronicle of the Kings of Burma"—all come in for their share of condemnation.

* * *

The result is a unique travel book. No chunks of Paterine prose lavished on sunrise in the Red Sea or seasickness off the Golden Gate, but all the time Mr. Huxley hammering in his views. To the elect I would particularly recommend the fourth entry under Delhi, the second under Labuan, the tenth under Cawnpore, the third under Calcutta, the one under Chicago, and of course the story of the elephant (second under Jaipur).

It is not that Mr. Huxley teaches one anything new. The title of the book is the fifth and sixth words of Bacon's essay, "Of Truth." The author implies that he has not stopped to find truth. But of course he had it before he started. He admits as much in conclusion when he says that the two new convictions with which he returned he had had at his departure. There is something more stimulating than this conclusion on page 170; "Fixity is appalling. It is better, it seems to me, to be destroyed, to become something unrecognizably different, than to remain forever intact and the same, in spite of altering circumstance." But, again, the late Mr. Keats had already said this, perhaps putting it even better, when he wrote in 1819: "Better be imprudent movables than prudent fixtures."

No, it is Mr. Huxley's inimitable "moral earnestness" that is novel. And to those who have watched his literary career with interest, with excitement, this "moral earnestness" may be more than prodigious, it may be indeed a portent.

A Critic of Style

THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICAN PROSE. By JOSEPH WARREN BEACH. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

THE author of "The Method of Henry James" and of "The Technique of Thomas Hardy" needed no recommendation to me when this volume of his collected critical essays was announced. Professor Beach was firmly established in my esteem as a critic of real ability, and when I heard that these essays were to be largely concerned with the question of style in contemporary American prose, I anticipated that combination known in the hackneyed phrase as "amusement and instruction," a combination less familiar than the phrase. I confess to having been vastly amused, but the instruction has consisted chiefly in making me wonder how the admirations expressed in this book can be reconciled with the discernment and scholarship in the two previous works.

All discussions of style have led to mighty argument and much difference of opinion. "Stylist, heal thyself" has often been the retort of those who have ventured, in a style intolerable to others, to animadvert upon the subject in general or upon the particular style of certain authors. In this respect, at least, no charge lies against Professor Beach, for he writes a clear, unaffected prose, driving home his points, and adding a leaven of humor for good measure. Nor will many dispute his contention that Joseph Hergesheimer, Theodore Dreiser, and other American writers of the first rank, actually use words ignorantly, and constantly construct sentences which defy logic and grammar. What is it, then, that takes away from this sound criticism all its critical value?

* * *

Frankly, it is the incredible lack of standards which Mr. Beach reveals through his enthusiasms. So long as he is showing the defects in a writer's syntax and pleading for educated, unaffected prose, his is unimpeachable. But when he begins by talking of the "cleverness" of a journalist who adopts the stale device of trying to disarm criticism by prefacing his book with an unfavorable review of it, one naturally wonders why he is so impatient of the certainly superior poses of some of the authors whom he denounces for their insincerity. When he sharply criticizes the "jargon" of Van Wyck Brooks, one expects to hear him praise a critic who is free from such defects, but Professor Beach leaves one speechless by hailing Mr. Paul Rosenfeld as "a critic to be reckoned with," who "writes much better than Huneker," and "has a much sharper mind."

It is possible to like Mr. Rosenfeld's criticism, if one can stand its lush, exotic, sentimentalism, but nobody would care, I think, to acquit him of those very faults, at their worst, which Mr. Beach finds unbearable in others. If ever a style betrayed misuse of English, jargon, weak grammar, and incoherence, it is the style of Mr. Rosenfeld and of Waldo Frank. Yet, Professor Beach shoves aside John Dewey, Joseph Hergesheimer, Van Wyck Brooks, and Dreiser, for being guilty of those offences, only to press the claims of John Dos Passos, Paul Rosenfeld, Sherwood Anderson, and Waldo Frank. In a discussion of these writers on the question of style, and style alone, I think it is not unreasonable to suggest that in championing the one group as against the other, the author destroys his whole case. The four whom he so very mildly reproves for their minor defects may be authors of a great deal more significance in American literature—that is another question. But when we are told "the university man is necessarily an eclectic, and what he asks of writing is that it should be first-rate," and that university man proceeds to argue that Van Wyck Brooks uses jargon, whereas Paul Rosenfeld has a "sharp mind," well, . . .

* * *

Professor Beach thinks that Thomas Hardy and George Moore handled the English language in a manner which is beyond the attainments of Joseph Hergesheimer. Yet, the abomination of Moore's style, in places, has been repeatedly discussed. Not so long ago Moore, having once pilloried Newman for writing badly, attacked Thomas Hardy, and was in turn attacked by John Middleton Murry. In each case the device employed was to pick out some passage or passages that were carelessly written, and to ask triumphantly: Is that what you call good English? Mr. Beach does this to Dreiser, Brooks, Hergesheimer, and Van Vechten, while invoking Moore

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and Hardy as supreme masters, beyond reproach. To my mind, whether what he says of the Americans is correct, or not, is of little importance, since he does not apply his tests impartially. He quotes a passage from John Dewey and declares that it is incomprehensible until he has transliterated it into his own English. I, for one, reply that I read the passage as Dewey wrote it and understand it perfectly. It is longer, but no clearer in Mr. Beach's version.

The essay on Carl Van Vechten is, it seems to me, the worst example of what looks like pure bias. With many of Mr. Van Vechten's affectations of syle and subject Professor Beach is out of sympathy. Doubtless there are others who agree with him. If he had omitted the question of style, and discussed the composition of Van Vechten's novels, his attempt to prove him a very derivative author, skilled in all sorts of tricks to cover up the weak spots in his narratives, might have stood on its own legs, as a counterblast to the vogue of this writer. Instead he tries to convict him of bad writing by an exceedingly unfair test. He manufactures what he calls a typical Van Vechten passage by piling up all the rare and obsolete words which the latter has scattered through his books. By an irony of criticism, when I saw this passage, isolated from its context, I thought it was written by Mr. Rosenfeld. It is much closer to his normal style and does not in any way illustrate either the virtues or the defects of Mr. Van Vechten.

To sum up, the point of most of Professor Beach's criticism is blunted by his enthusiasms. He clearly is blind to the defects of authors whom he happens to like. James Branch Cabell, Henry Mencken, and Stuart P. Sherman are the best of his enthusiasms, and if Van Wyck Brooks offends him by his "scientific jargon," how, I wonder, does he swallow the legal, medical, and theological jargon which Mr. Mencken so frequently and so effectively employs? "What American prose most lacks is flavor," he writes. "Too often it lacks precision as well, but not so often it lacks flavor." Theoretically Professor Beach is sound, but what is his practice? Are precision and flavor the virtues of such prose as Waldo Frank's and Paul Rosenfeld's? Is Van Vechten anything other than precise, and surely the flavor of his writing is so definite that certain nostrils prefer fare that is less "gamey"? With as much space at one's disposal one could take all the authors mentioned in this book, preserve the criticism but reverse the quotations, and prove in the end that those whom Mr. Beach praises can be blamed for exactly the same defects as characterize the writers whom he censures. From which I conclude that he is an untrustworthy guide to the maze of contemporary American prose.

For the Happy Few

DESERT, A LEGEND. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.50.

THE publishers are to be congratulated on the format they have given Mr. Armstrong's "Legend." As a piece of commercial book-making it is admirable. The individual page is a delight to the eye; the cover is both striking and appropriate; and the strong, interesting woodcuts by E. Ravilious are immensely above the ordinary "illustration" in design and suggestive quality. It is evident the publishers felt they were dealing with a beautiful text which well deserved something more than the perfunctory care of the market-place. They have treated it with respect as a work of art.

Martin Armstrong is master of a firm, dignified, yet sensitive prose style. What he writes is literature—a statement which could be made of how many living writers of English prose? He has retold here a familiar legend of the Thebaid, and seldom has any legend been more thoughtfully and exquisitely rehandled. The precision, restraint, grave cadences of his narrative will doubtless prove caviare to the hundred thousand readers nourished on the movies, comic strips, crook plays, and gutter journalism. But we are not wholly uncivilized. There are among us those who care for what is completely organized, fine in texture, consistent in tone. It will be a pity if— in our present welter of blurbs, blurbs, blurbs—Mr. Armstrong's fit audience fails to discover him. I commend his legend of Malchus and Helena—in the proud words of Stendhal's dedication of "La Chartreuse de Parme" —*to the happy few.*

The Bowling Green

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE

CAVE CANEM

TAKING my evening stroll
I cautiously keep to the woodland alley
Turning back before reaching the neighbor's houses
To avoid startling any of the dogs.
It might be well, I ponder,
If one could do thus in the mind also,
Warily retracing one's thoughts
Before arousing the outcry
Of some indignant hound.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

MEDITATION ON THE HEARTH

A householder who has once
Had a fire in the chimney
Will perhaps be careful
Before he again puts a match
To a bundle of excelsior.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

VIGILIAE ALBAE

Now I am silent and my name is Tacitus.
But in this douce brightness
I have to pause now and then
Putting the moon behind the pine tree
To give myself respite
From her cruel and insinuating lustre.
Oh moon, scratch-pad of poets,
More meant against than meaning!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A QUATRAIN OMITTED BY A MANCHU PESSIMIST

Earth's maniac foison nothing cares
To head your pretty rhymes and sorrows:
See, in the anthill she prepares
Her million billion calm tomorrows.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

VARIATIONS ON BUDDHIST SAPPHICS

If it should happen in somebody's office
That you were offered a noggin of cognac
And had to drink it in a cup of cardboard,

You would not dare to degust it leisurely:
You must drink fast, before the vivid essence
Ate through the seam of the chaste little vesicle.

So if we propose, my frolicsome people,
To pour great poetry in the crimped paper
Sterilized lilycups of daily behavior,
Series of neat little days from containers,
Caulk them with paraffin—
Or drink in a hurry.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

COMPLAINT

Operator, operator!
There must be some mistake?
I keep ringing Bliss 42
And get Don't Answer.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

TREMOLO UNDERFOOT

Walking the sunny pavement of Park Avenue
I study the inscriptions
On Saint Bartholomew's Church:
To Love That Word . . . .
And Both To Preach And Receive The Same . . . .
Great Shall Be The Peace Of Thy Children . . . .
Under my feet
I feel the strong stone shiver with a grand central rumble,
The tremendous hurry of trains.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

PARVIS E GLANDIBUS QUERCUS

Great poets do not
Publish too often:
Oaks keep their leaves
When other trees are bare.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

WRITTEN IN GREEK

When you see it written in Greek
You realize that her name wasn't Sappho
But Sapfo.
I shan't attempt to prove it
As the printer who does this paper
Hasn't any Greek type.
Besides, it's a matter
That concerns only the ladies.

MINUET WITH AN INTERVIEWER

My opinions about literature?
But I have no opinions at ten A. M.
I wipe the slate clean when I go to bed
And rise every morning
To consider the world *de novo.*
To begin the day with an opinion
Is to be a traitor to the Future.

Say, that's pretty good, that's a good line,
She remarked calmly.
Don't worry, Mr. Mandarin; if you haven't any opinions
The *Evening Lens* will give you some.

Come back about dusk, my dear,
That's when I begin to have Good Ideas.
And I heard the Old Mandarin say to his manager
Isn't she a little pippin?
I hope she will.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

LUCUBRATION BY DAYLIGHT

Europeans are aware
That life is a dangerous impossibility
To be managed as gracefully as may be;
But the fundamental American notion
Is that it's a Business Proposition:
That if they all Pull Together
And coin the right slogan
Something can be Done About It.

The Joke of it is,
Continued the egregious Old Asiatic,
That they're probably both wrong.
Meanwhile, It's queer how your Sidecar cocktails
Nibble the calves of my legs.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

IN THE PEOPLE'S GAS BUILDING

"You're thinner, aren't you?" said Sid Avery,
The delightful bookseller.
"Yes," he replied, "I am thinner.
I've been thinking."
"No," said Sid, fixing the old babbler with a crystalline eye,
"No, you haven't been thinking.
You've been wondering."
And there was loud applause.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

MODESTY

There can be no doubt at all, said the Old Mandarin,
You have a very cultured country.
Your plays, written by Irishmen and Czechoslavs,
Are directed by Russians
In theatres designed by Viennese architects
And filled with ladies beautiful in French modes,
Men tailored in the London manner.
Your fine printers learn their tricks in Germany
And when I saw that collection of Aubrey Beardsleys
At the Anderson Galleries
I realized at last
Why America is such a great nation—
The only really modest country in the world,
Not too picayune to recognize fine work
Even if the other people did it.

Your book and art collectors are busy collecting
Just the Right Things
That have been OK'd by the authorities—
But Lord, what a marvellous land it must be
For the man who likes to make up his mind for himself:
He has so little competition.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

COMEDIE AMERICAINE

Two young Americans, still unblemished by thought,
Sat behind me at the Comédie Francaise.
"What sort of a show is this?" he said.
"A French comedy," she replied, in her mischievous little chirp,
"Something about a bourgeois gentleman."
"Sure," he said, "but what kind of a comedy?
I mean, is it like The Poor Nut?
Or is it like The Creaking Chair?"
Just then came the three bangs
Announcing the rise of the curtain,
And I heard him grumble
"Gosh, isn't that a crude way of doing things."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Pluviculture

RAIN MAKING AND OTHER WEATHER VAGARIES. By W. J. Humphreys. Baltimore: The Williams & Wilkins Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Alexander McAdie
Harvard University

ON the jacket of the book, the publishers say that it is an "entertaining and instructive account of the attempt to control rain by magical, religious, or scientific means;" and not fully satisfied with this effort, they add that it is "fascinating, instructive, and diverting." To all of this we agree. But no author is to be held strictly accountable for a publisher's state of mind, and we think our author does much better when he, with proper modesty, describes his work as a "study in *pluviculture.*" The word was introduced if not originated by Dr. David Starr Jordan, dweller under the shade of Palo Alto (the tall pine), where the days are glorious and the rains are golden, when they come on time. But alas, it is a land overrun if not infested with spurious rain makers.

Professor Humphreys goes the good Doctor one better, for he bowls us over with the term *meteorological mumpsimuses* which, in the vernacular of the campus, is in itself quite a mouthful. He translates it for us, as "stupid weather errors stubbornly held to despite all rational explanations."

We have a fellow feeling for any display of heat in calling down the rain wizards, as an enlightened press headlines them. Men who have devoted their lives to scientific investigation of problems connected with weather do get riled when the public falls for certain schemes of weather control put forward by half-baked exploiters, and more frequently by some who never even saw the inside of an oven, the oven in this case being an elementary course in physics. The dear public ought not to be fooled; but nevertheless the dear public apparently likes to be fooled; and that being the case what can a poor professor do but show exasperation as he bares his tired soul for the hundredth time?

In this review we need not go deeply into the scientific aspects of the case for and against rain making. Calculations of thermal energy do not appeal to the average reader who cares only for results. It is enough at present to say that control of the clouds is a long way off, though it would be rash to say that man will never succeed in modifying his ærographic environment.

Readers of *The Saturday Review* will find the book sufficiently diverting. Dr. Humphreys has the pen of a ready writer, and has a balanced sense of humor. The prefatory Rhyme of the Rain-maker by no less a person than Dr. Frank Wigglesworth Clarke, the distinguished chemist of the Geological Survey, is a gem. We might have expected it. For every now and then a sober-minded chemist, or physicist, or even a mathematician, will break out with *eruptio poetatis,* a malady which forces them to scratch clean paper with light-minded verse. This particular scratch was published in *Life,* thirty-five years ago; but is still fresh and to the point.

Space will not allow us to quote much from the book, but one or two bits are worth reprinting.

"To get rain, the Arabs of North Africa fling a holy man into a spring." For our part we would much prefer to wait for the rain rather than drink from that particular spring.

"The women of Kursk, southern Russia, break a trying drought by capturing a passing stranger, and forcibly either throw him into a river or else souse him well from tip to toe."

"But the farthest removed and most vicarious of all these wettings that rain might come is that of the Armenians who drench neither themselves nor yet their priest, but the priest's wife."

And finally we hark back to the last stanza of that literary gem from a professional geological chemist. It is still the preferred plan for stopping rain when all other methods fail:

To check the flood you started, I've heard
All efforts were in vain;
Until the Bureau at Washington stirred,
And stopped the storm with a single word,
By just predicting—Rain!

Inheritance Taxes

THE TAXATION OF INHERITANCE. By William J. Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3

Reviewed by Philips Coan

MR. SCHULTZ, whose work on the taxation of inheritance forms the latest addition to the series of winners of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx prize, has performed an important service in chronicling and discussing the general movement among nations in the past quarter century toward an expanding use of this form of levy. He points out that there has been before the American reader no more recent work than that of Max West, of which the second edition appeared in 1908. The resort of the United States Government to sharply progressive estate duties dates from 1916, and the trouble over coinciding Federal and State inheritance taxes reached its height some years later. The period of the European war and of the financial restoration following it witnessed extension of inheritance taxation in many countries. These recent developments are now for the first time treated comprehensively from the American point of view.

For his presentation of the early history of inheritance taxes Dr. Schultz has admittedly based his work on the writings of Schanz and other Europeans. The early period in this preponderatingly modern fiscal form may be said to extend to the outset of the present century. Wisely, it seems, the author has put in the lead that half of his book which comprises the historical narrative of legislation and fiscal policies in the countries chiefly involved. The time has hardly come when the critical consideration of the results, and of the incidental effects of the prevalent type of heavily progressive death tax would have a sufficient groundwork of demonstrated fact to raise it to the chief prominence in the scheme of such a work. In a brief chapter on the incidence and economic consequences of the inheritance tax, Dr. Schultz none the less expresses some interesting views. Hardship is caused in the United States, in his opinion, by the cash requirement upon taxed estates, which often renders necessary forced sales of their resources at inadequate prices. He rejects, somewhat briefly and summarily, Secretary Mellon's contention that forced sales of decedents' resources tend to cause in the aggregate a continuous depression in the capital markets. In pointing out that the custom of commuting the inheritance tax into an annual duty, by means of taking out life insurance to the amount of the expected payment, assimilates the tax to a duty on incomes, he brings to bear a strong argument against the long held view that the inheritance levy has a peculiar destructive effect on capital.

Opposing opinions of the schools holding that the tax weakens the incentive to capital accumulation, and that it strengthens this incentive, he dismisses alike, venturing the risky middle view that the reaction on business initiative is "very little one way or the other." The test of so broad a statement would be to ask the author whether he thought that a 100 per cent tax on estates would not lessen the saving initiative. It seems likely that there exists an optimum point below which the tax stimulates accumulation and above which it discourages it.

It will be of interest to many American readers to learn that the Union Death duties Act of 1922 superseded altogether the separate and overlapping taxes previously imposed by subdivisions of the South African Union. No such degree of simplification and of release from anomalies and excesses of plural taxation seems yet in sight in the United States. The history of recent State and Federal lawmaking in this country as Dr. Schultz presents it seems at least to show an encouraging effort in some of the States to abate this patent evil, even at some financial loss. In his exposition of these and other laws, Dr. Schultz is clear, wastes no words, and speaks with the plain and definite tone that commonly means mastery of the facts to be conveyed.

The first of the three monographs which the German Reichsarchiv purposes to devote to the battle of Verdun has now appeared (Oldenburg: Stalling). "Die Tragödie von Verdun: Die Deutsche Offensiveschlact," by L. Gold and Major M. Reymann, gives a strategic outline of the initial phases of the battle.

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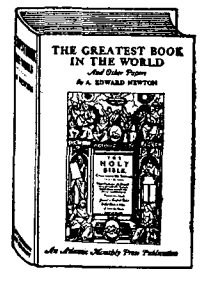

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Books of Special Interest

The Wide, Wide World

THE ORIENT I FOUND. By THOMAS J. MCMAHON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926.

MOTOR CRUISING IN FRANCE. By LESLIE RICHARDSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $5.

CORSICA. By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE. New York: Duffield & Co. 1926. $3

ROYAL SEVILLE. By E. ALLISON PEERS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $3.

SPAIN IN A TWO-SEATER. By HALFORD ROSS. New York: Brentano's. 1926. $2.50.

THE ROAD TO LAMALAND. By "GANPAT" (M. A. L. GOMPERTZ). New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by DALE WARREN

THE classification of travel books is not a difficult matter, nor are a large number of subdivisions necessary. Quite naturally does one's travel library, as Cæsar declared of ancient Gaul, divide itself into three parts. There are books written to convey information, there are those which tell a story or chronicle a personal adventure, and there are others, the majority, which temporize by seeking to bridge the gulf.

"The Orient I Found" is an excellent example of the travel book which is more than a travel book. The information therein conveyed, is valuable alike to the historian, to the sociologist, and to the traveller. Conventional in appearance and restrained in tone, it commends itself to the serious student somewhat more directly than to the tourist off on a holiday. The author, in fact, admits that the book was written with some other end in view than to amuse. "The aim of my book," he proclaims, "is to bring about a better knowledge of the conditions of the Orient and a better appreciation of the Oriental peoples." The book is supplied with a good map and in the selection of his photographs the author has been mindful of his admitted purpose.

Mr. McMahon is an Australian and the trip which he records has its beginning at Melbourne. There is a chapter on Australia, a second on Borneo, and a third on the Philippines before the author launches into his discussion of the Japan and China of the twentieth century. Chief emphasis is laid on city conditions and political aspirations, with ample space devoted to racial characteristics, national life, and Western influence. The white domination of Oriental peoples is constantly decried. The reader, however, does not lose sight of the fact that the author is on a voyage of discovery and that one who travels with an open mind is at liberty to gather impressions of his own. That the book has an intrinsic value apart from its purely descriptive features should in no way militate against it in the eyes of the prospective traveller who believes that the end of all travel is education.

In the same class we may group "Motor Cruising in France" although the book is written for those who have both the inclination and the leisure for a pleasure trip. Captain Richardson is known for his earlier "Things Seen on the Riviera" and "Vagabond Days in Brittany." Into "Motor Cruising in France" he packs a wealth of material relating to the principal ports and river cities of France, and gives, in addition, sound information in regard to the operation of a motor-boat. The volume is the outcome of a series of trips made by the author and is a book for those who travel by land no less than for the smaller group who are at home in the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of Lyons. Captain Richardson has an eye trained to observation, and presents his facts in an agreeable manner. The pictures of Concarneau, Arles, and Carcasonne make the reader wish that all travel books were illustrated with photographs indicative to the same careful selection.

The third volume is somewhat disappointing. The author feels that she must describe Corsica in detail from Bastia to Bonifacio, yet at the same time tell the story of her four months' visit to the island. Consequently, we find the narrative constantly broken with historical description and the body of the text interspersed with anecdote and incident. The result is a hybrid which requires continual mental readjustment on the part of the reader, and leaves him with a distinct impression of the author's conscious effort to "write a book" about her trip.

With more skilful manipulation "Royal Seville" has come into being. Here is a book which, as the title indicates, describes Seville, but the author has achieved a far more personal volume than is the fortune of Miss Hawthorne in twice as many pages. Of few other travel books can it be said, with sobriety, that the reader does not want to miss a single word. Nor does he want to dismiss with a cursory glance the pencil sketches by Edwin Avery Park. There is a Spanish proverb to the effect that "he is no king that is not king of Seville." Surely Mr. Peers qualifies with ease.

In "Spain in a Two-Seater," we discover a cleverly disguised guide-book. In it is to be found all the information required by those who tour Spain in an automobile built for two, four, or an indefinite number of persons. Halford Ross recently went "To Venice and Back in a Two-Seater," and now heads south over the Pyrenees in a similar vehicle. The trip is recorded in story form and done with a light, deft touch. History is embellished to suit modern demands, and we have a surprising variety of facts to choose from. On one page we are told that El Greco preferred to paint men with "formidable chins," on the next that the author's wife was given to singing in her bath. In one chapter we are shown where to buy electric bulbs in Gascony, in another we are introduced to a wine which is said to have contributed to the happy corpulence of Falstaff. This is no sketchy, facetious travel-book, but a well constructed, carefully planned, amusing adjunct to movement and enjoyment which deserves a place in any satchel labelled "Madrid" or "Toledo."

Few of us are apt to duplicate the adventurous journey into western Tibet described in "The Road to Lamaland," but it is, nevertheless, a capital volume for the bedside table or the shelf by the study fire. The fact that one is not interested in Lamaland is beside the point, for the author quotes at length from the poets and takes a fling at the innocuous armchair existence of latter-day Londoners. Descriptions of arid Eastern wastes are freshened by the author's timely recollection of lines from A. E. or James Elroy Flecker, and the intimate and the personal take precedence over the abstract or remote. Here, in short, is a volume which slips quite perfectly into the classification suggested in my first paragraph, one which tells a story and chronicles an adventure. The author, a man of literary bent given to philosophic musings, found himself one bright morning sitting at his office desk dreaming of Arcadia. The next move was to overturn his correspondence files, gather in two dogs, and set out for Tibet. It was a trip replete with adventure, prodigal of leisure for thought. Then came the book—a book which had to be written.

Chalcography, which has to do with the reproduction of engravings, and more especially ancient engravings of value, is one of the arts that is receiving the attention of the League of Nations. It may not be generally known that there are only three official institutes of chalcography, one at the Louvre, the second at Florence, Italy, and the third at Madrid, Spain. A conference composed of representatives of national institutes of chalcography and League of Nations luminaries, adopted resolutions concerning the exchange of proofs by the institutes in order to form collections descriptive of the international history of the art of engraving, and to permit the sale of engravings produced by others.

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Books of Special Interest

Synesius of Cyrene

THE LETTERS OF SYNESIUS OF CYRENE. Translated into English with Introduction and Notes. By AUGUSTINE FITZGERALD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $7.

Reviewed by CHARLES N. SMILEY

Carleton College

SIX HUNDRED miles west of Alexandria, on a high plateau overlooking the Mediterranean, lie the ruins of Cyrene. "Though the works of man have been destroyed, Nature has remained the same. The sun shines on the grave of the ancient town, the beneficent rain falls on the heaps of ruins, but the charm of Nature in this region, to which Hellas transplanted its enlightenment and its bloom, appears ineffaceable." So wrote Pacho, a Frenchman, early in the nineteenth century,—and his testimony has been confirmed by all travelers who have visited the spot.

The excavations of the Italian archæologists in recent years have brought to light many evidences of the splendor of the city in its prime. The marble Aphrodite, the chief treasure of the Terme museum in Rome, once stood in a temple of Cyrene. The city also, through its gifted sons, made no inconsiderable contribution to the intellectual treasures of mankind. Aristippus, who first formulated the doctrine of hedonism, was born there,—Aristippus who announced to the world twenty-four centuries before Kipling was born, that "things were made for man, and not man for things." Eratosthenes who wrote the first geography, and was the first to make a reasonably successful attempt to compute the circumference of the earth, also was born there. A hundred years later Cyrene produced Carneades, the forerunner of William James in announcing that the human mind cannot attain absolute knowledge, and must be content to strive for probabilities.

While spiritually related to Aristippus, Eratosthenes, and Carneades, Synesius of Cyrene was not born in the golden age of that city. At the end of the fourth century A. D. (the floruit of Synesius) Cyrene was a crumbling town in a distintegrating Roman empire. Eutropius, the eunuch, was guiding the Roman state for the weak and immature Arcadius at Constantinople. Cohorts of Dalmatians and Marcomanni were the unwilling and inefficient defenders of the southern borders of the empire against raids of Ausurians. The schools of philosophy at Athens were empty shells, waiting to be disestablished by Justinian a century later. Hypatia, who was soon to suffer martyrdom, was teaching in Alexandria, but Alexandria was suffering under a Christian archbishop whom Robertson has characterized as "bold, crafty, unscrupulous, corrupt, rapacious, and domineering." It was a world from which a Neoplatonist might well seek for release in ecstasies and frenzies. So all the more is it refreshing to find in such a world such a vigorous and upstanding man as Synesius.

He was sound of body; he loved the hunt, his dogs, and horse as well as any English squire; he had a sense of humor that justified Professor Phillimore in calling him "the fifth century Sydney Smith." He could smile over the punctilios of a Hebrew pilot who deserted his tiller in a raging storm at sea on the approach of the Jewish Sabbath; he could make others smile by adducing proofs that the baldheaded were God's chosen people. Although he had his schooling at Alexandria, he was Platonist rather than Plotinist, and quoted Plato a hundred and sixty times in his writings, although he was living in a land where "one never heard a man uttering a philosophic phrase except when an echo is repeating his own voice." It is clear that he was never thoroughly trained in Christian doctrines or converted to them. Yet Theophilus, the crafty archbishop, recognizing his strength and powers of leadership, wished to appoint him bishop of Ptolemais. Much against his inclination, but on his own terms, he accepted the appointment. The leter in which he announced his acceptance to the archbishop is of considerable interest, and a portion of it may well be quoted, as an illustration of how Platonism may slip over into pragmatism. After declaring that he will not give up the wife of his youth, he proceeds to say:

> It is difficult, if not quite impossible, that convictions should be shaken, which have entered the soul through knowledge to the point of demonstration. Now you know that philosophy rejects many of those convictions which are cherished by the common people. For my own part, I can never persuade myself that the soul is of more recent origin than the body. Never would I admit that the world and the parts which make it up must perish. The resurrection, which is an object of common belief, is nothing for me but a sacred and mysterious allegory, and I am far from sharing the views of the vulgar crowd thereon. The philosophic mind, albeit the discerner of truth, admits the employment of falsehood, for light is to truth what the eye is to the mind. Just as the eye would be injured by an excess of light, and just as darkness is more helpful to those of weak eyesight, even so do I consider that the false may be beneficial to the populace, and the truth injurious to those not strong enough to gaze steadfastly on the radiance of real being. If the laws of the priesthood that obtain with us permit these views to me, I can take over the holy office on the condition that I may prosecute philosophy at home and spread legends abroad, so that if I teach no doctrine, at all events I undo no teaching, and allow men to remain in their already acquired convictions. But if anybody says to me that he must be under this influence, that the bishop must belong to the people in his opinion, I shall betray myself very quickly.

He found the burdens of a bishop heavier than Simon of Cyrene found the cross of Christ. But he did not flinch. He was a true father of his flock. A third of his letters are in behalf of the afflicted and oppressed. He had the moral courage to excommunicate an avaricious Roman governor who filled his coffers by assassination; he had the physical courage to stand guard and fight on the ramparts of Cyrene against marauding Ausurians. He was altogether such a man as one might be proud to claim as a distinguished neighbor and fellow townsman.

We may well be grateful that Mr. Fitzgerald has made it possible for English readers to know him intimately by translating his letters into English, and by providing a lucid introduction that incorporates with his own wide and thorough knowledge of the author illuminating passages from Willamowitz and Crawford, and others who have worked this field.

The University of London Press announces a book on "The Uses of Libraries," based on a series of lectures delivered at University College by various authorities, edited by E. A. Baker, director of the School of Librarianship, University of London. Chapters are included on "The Use of Reference Books" and "Methods of Reading," by Dr. Baker; "The British Museum for Research Purposes," by G. F. Barwick; "Book Selection for Children," by W. C. Berwick Sayers; "University Libraries of the Kingdom," by Major Newcombe; "National and Other Art Libraries," by C. H. Palmer; "Library Resources of London," by C. R. Sanderson; and "The Public Record Office and Archives," by Hilary Jenkinson.

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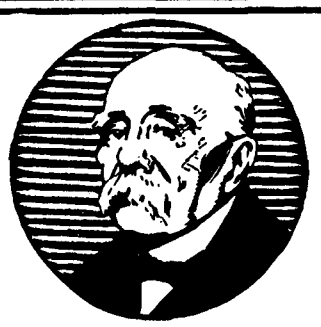

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Foreign Literature

Merejkowski Tales

MICHEL ANGE. A translation into French by Dumesnil de Gramont from the Russian of Dmitri Merejkowski. Paris: Arthème Fayard et Cie. 1926.

Reviewed by WARREN WILMER BROWN

HAVING long cherished the memory of Merejkowski's "Leonardo da Vinci," it was with keenly whetted anticipation that I started to read "Michel Ange." Nor was I disappointed, for this romance of Michael Angelo's life held attention as closely as that based upon Leonardo's. It does not, however, cover as much ground, being indeed quite short. The volume it opens contains three other Merejkowski stories—novelettes of the same, or approximately the same, era as "Michel Ange," all with an Italian *mise-en-scène*.

M. de Gramont, it would seem, has done the translation well. His style is unmannered and one does not constantly feel that some indefinable and essential thing is missing, as is so often the case in translations.

If Merejkowski is skilful in any one direction—and he is skilful in many—it is in endowing his works with the spirit of *time* and *locality*—the very *life*, as it were, of the periods of which he writes. "Michel Ange" is further evidence of his understanding of the Renaissance, its methods of thought and of living. The novel is intimately biographical, but not in the psychoanalytical manner characteristic of so much recent biography, especially that written under the influence—the tendency in dark moments is to say "curse"—of Freud and his school.

"Michel Ange" is not in any way clinical. It is a narrative logically conceived and, while episodic, smoothly developed, starting with the mid-career of the artist and continuing until his death. The youth of such a man must have had tremendous bearing upon his maturity and it is a pity that those early experiences were not woven into the story. But as it is, the portrait is done with highly sensitized touch and with that strength and subjective suggestion that gives one the sensation of actual contact with a remarkable personality. The gross indifference, the impertinent arrogance to which Buonarotti was subjected by his Pontifical patrons, their sycophants and his own rivals; the eccentriticities of the four Popes under whom he served, notably Julius II; his burning enthusiasm for his work (the flame of genius itself); his complete detachment from the life about him—all this is presented in a way that puts sympathy on the alert.

There are many arresting side-lights on other great or notorious personages of the period—Bramante (shown as vain, jealous, and bitterly envious of Buonarotti); Julius II, Leo X, Clement VII, Paul III; Vittoria Colonna, Marcantone, Vasari, Raphael, and Pietro Aretino, to mention a few. The scope of the work made it necessary to compress these sketches into thumb-nail dimensions, but how vivid they are! That of Aretino, who has been called the father of blackmailers, is particularly successful. One wonders how this precious villain was tolerated at all, even in a corrupt society. That he flourished, grew rich and assembled a priceless collection of art without spending a cent for it, is just a bit more proof of what *homo sapiens* will endure (and pay for) when he is in danger of being shown up or ridiculed.

Michael Angelo, according to Merejkowski, was about the only master of his day out of whom Aretino could not wheedle a souvenir. And because of that, he spread a tale that brought an order from the Vatican that the figures of "The Last Judgment" could be clothed, "especially the angels." Buonarotti refused to do any such thing, but the mandate was nevertheless carried out—by one of his students, Daniel de Volterra.

One of the later chapters is devoted to the famous "affair" with Vittoria Colonna. Merejkowski says she "allowed" Michael Angelo to love her but that he "never forgot she belonged to another, her dead husband, the only man she had ever loved."

While this was the great passion of his life, it was curiously non-possessive in impulse. Apparently it was completely sublimated and spiritualized. In a letter to Ascanio Condivi he confessed that even when Vittoria was in her coffin he dared not kiss her forehead, only her hand!

The other stories in the volume are more original in treatment than in subject matter. "La Science de l'Amour" is the most brilliant. It is satirical high comedy with a touch of farce and at least one episode that derives from the Shakespeare of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." "L'Amour Plus Fort Que la Mort" is more Russian than the others—none has much flavor of the author's nationality—a morbid theme similar to that of Andreyev's "Lazarus" but relieved with macabre humor. The last of the group "L'Anneau de Fer," is a "fairy-prince" sort of tale with a *cinque-cento* background.

A Rhineland Heritage

EIN ERBE AM RHEIN. By RENE SCHICKELE. Munich: Kurt Wolff. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

SUPERLATIVES are generally dangerous, but after a pretty exhaustive survey of German novels during the current year I have formed the opinion that this is the most notable piece of fiction to issue from Germany in 1926. It is—so we learn from a recent interview with Herr Schickele—the first part of a trilogy, the whole of which, it was intended, should bear the title of "Das Erbe am Rhein." In the meantime this instalment stands easily by itself and calls insistently for notice.

Herr Schickele is not so well known outside Germany and France—for he is an Alsatian several of whose sketches of Paris are a sheer delight—as he deserves. He was born in 1883 and has, perhaps, a dozen books to his credit, poems, essays, short stories, a novel, two plays. As an Alsatian who lived in Paris before the war, and in Switzerland during it, making no secret of his opposition to German imperialism, his reputation has probably suffered in Germany, and this novel may run the risk of partial failure to secure recognition. Yet its whole text—the least important thing about it—is the magnetism of the Rhine, the irresistible siren-call of the German forests for the Alsatian, however much he may feel and for a time succumb to the fascination of the South.

Of plot the book has little. Such concrete story as there is, however, is constructed with great skill. With a sure feeling for maximum effect Herr Schickele begins his tale at the end, and into the first chapter puts all his gifts of impressive writing, a wonderful description of the death of his German wife, Doris, at the bottom of a crevasse in Switzerland into which they had fallen. Then comes the transformation-scene, to Venice, where the hero, a boy of fourteen, has his boyish love-affair with the young and delightful Marchesa Maria Capponi, and participates, without entirely understanding, in the tragic passion of his young aunt, Sidonia, for a Russian admiral. Thence to the Riviera, a succession of brilliant pictures, both of landscape and of cosmopolitan types. Then back to the Rhine, where he marries Doris, a vaguely-drawn character, perhaps because only a symbol for the German river and forests (although this is not at all a symbolist novel)—and Maria realizes that he has never really loved her. The book closes with a sketch of Alsace after the Armistice, but it seems unfair to place these pages of beautiful prose, these brilliant impressions of landscape, these appealing renderings of national homesickness, in relation to contemporary events. Even Herr Schickele's own suggestion, that his work is the German counterpart of Maurice Barrès's Lorraine stories, seems to bring it too near controversy. The book will be kept alive by the sheer poetry in it.

The magazine *Advertising and Selling* has been graphically showing the great growth of newspaper and magazine circulation since 1919. In the rare book world this too has been a wonderful period. The auction houses in London and New York, that specialize in the sale of literary property, have been very busy disposing of an unprecedented number of important libraries with prices generally advancing each season for the genuinely rare and much sought after material. Early this year a copy of the Gutenberg Bible brought $106,000 at auction and was soon sold by the dealer who purchased it for $120,000; and now comes the report of the sale of a vellum copy of the same book for $275,000, which with export taxes and commission will make it cost $305,000. Sensational advances are made and broken sometimes in the same season.

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The New Books

Biography

LEAVES FROM A SECRET JOURNAL. By JANE STEGER. Little, Brown. 1926. $2.

The chapters of this book were taken from a sort of diary kept over a long period of years and printed some time ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Miss Steger is an invalid whose illness has caused her to withdraw more and more into herself. From the way she writes of her spiritual life, this can be no great hardship. This sick woman gets more out of the world than the most perfect athlete with all his physical horse-power.

Miss Steger is a mystic, and we'd better admit right off that she believes in God. She's a New Englander too, but God isn't the usual New England combination of county judge, truant officer, and dog-catcher. He's an unqualified asset. To him are delegated none of the disagreeable duties of moral law enforcement. Miss Steger feels that he's much above that sort of thing. She glories in him as a particularly sympathetic friend. She sees him in every beautiful aspect of nature and talks to him through every pleasant person she meets.

But it's no use to give in outline a mystic's idea of God. All mystical writings deal with this one subject and require all their space and every literary device to accomplish their end. An outline of Miss Steger's work could no more serve its purpose than a printed program could give the feeling of a high-church cathedral service. The spirit is a shy thing. It must be approached, as Miss Steger does it, through poetry, love of beauty, and sympathetic understanding, not through the cold, automatic machinery of logic.

Mysticism needs beauty of literary expression to make it seem more than sour lack of appreciation of natural pleasures. This is why so many mystics are misunderstood and also why so many shallow preachers can pretend to be mystics when they are really nothing but bossy meddlers. Miss Steger's literary ability is of the very first rank. Her use of simple direct phrases makes the reader feel that she is talking quietly and smilingly to him from behind the page. The little bits of verse which she inserts from time to time are good—some of them extremely good. And her prose approaches poetry at numerous points.

Drama

TECHNIQUE OF DRAMATIC ART. By HALLAM BOSWORTH. Macmillan. 1926.

Mr. Bosworth sets out to assemble and classify certain rudimentary principles that concern the technique of acting and play production. Only from the point of view of acting is this book invaluable on the shelf of the amateur in the theater. When the author states that "Art is merely an imitation of Nature," one wonders what "Technique of Dramatic Art" means. Unfortunately the other arts of Play Production are only hastily and summarily dismissed. It is the two hundred and fifty pages of material rich in its simple analysis of fundamentals in acting for amateurs, and drawn from the author's own professional experience, that gives this book any certain degree of merit.

COMMUNITY DRAMA. Century. 1926. $2.

This book has been prepared and published under the auspices of the Playground Recreation Association of America. Information on directing and managing dramatic work and other forms of amusement and entertainment is simply and adequately presented with few original suggestions or ideas on the subject. It is unfortunate that this book cannot be limited to members only, and kept within the walls of the Social Service Bureau and Settlement House. There it belongs and there is a definite place for it. For any group of workers interested in more than entertainment "Community Drama" releases a flood of bad precedents in technique, and a too easy treatment of genuine theatre practice.

STORIES AND DRAMAS. By LEO TOLSTOY. (Hitherto unpublished.) Dutton. 1926. $2.50.

The thirteen samples of Tolstoy's hitherto unpublished work gathered here have little more than a certain biographical interest. With the exception of the fairly full-length comedy, "The Contaminated Family"—a satire on high-brows—they are all fragments with the character of more or less preliminary sketches or author's notes.

The mood and even the manner is almost always unmistakably Tolstoy's, and it is not uninteresting to catch glimpses of his reaction to various political and social movements—the earliest bit goes clear back to 1851—and of ideas more completely or artistically worked out later on or in other places. In "How Love Dies," for example—the story of a young man's idealistic first love crushed by a shabby escapade into which the boy is lured by two older and disillusioned associates—we have the makings, not only of the Tolstoy of "Anna Karenina" and "War and Peace" but, in its final sermonizing, of the dry and didactic Tolstoy of his later days. The story is said to have been planned in 1853. But neither this, nor any of the other fragments, belong with his best work.

TISH PLAYS THE GAME. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Doran. 1926. $2.

The game that Tish plays is golf, and she plays it with her usual determination and scorn of formalities. She also does a great many other things in this book, most of them best enjoyed in private, unless one cares to make an exhibition of oneself by laughing aloud in public. Of course by this time everyone must know about Tish (Miss Letitia Carberry), the absurd and delightful spinster who during the war captured a town single-handed from the Germans, while her friend, Aggie, sat on a nearby church steeple, and her Boswell, Lizzie, went back for reënforcements. In their most recent adventures, these sedately preposterous maiden ladies engage in hijacking for the benefit of their church, play golf with the mental reservation that doubtful methods are justified by righteous ends, go up in a baby blimp accompanied by an elephant which they eventually deposit on the roof of the First National Bank—and so on. Sometimes Tish, Aggie, and Lizzie are a good deal funnier than other times, but readers in search of entertaining nonsense will probably find them sufficiently amusing to justify the very slight amount of effort involved in following their extraordinary activities.

SNOW AND STEEL. By GIRALOMO SOMMI-PICENARDI. Translated by Rudolph Altrocchi. Appleton. 1926. $2.

In this book, the Marquis Sommi-Picenardi, an officer in one of the crack organizations of the Italian army, the Alpini, tells one phase of the Italian part in the World War. There are eleven stories in the book that deal with various types of human character caught in the trap of war, often in dramatic and naturally enough tragic circumstances. The peculiar nature of the fighting that went on amid the magnificent scenery upon the summits of the Alps provides an unusual background, the grandeur of which has not been neglected. The narrative is direct and realistic, and provides another document of genuine value for the fast growing record of the Great War told by its survivors. The author, however, brings little more to his volume than a sensitive awareness and an acceptable narrative comment not entirely equal to the occasion. The translation by Rudolph Altrocchi, Associate Professor of Italian at the University of Chicago, does full justice to the text.

(*Continued on next page*)

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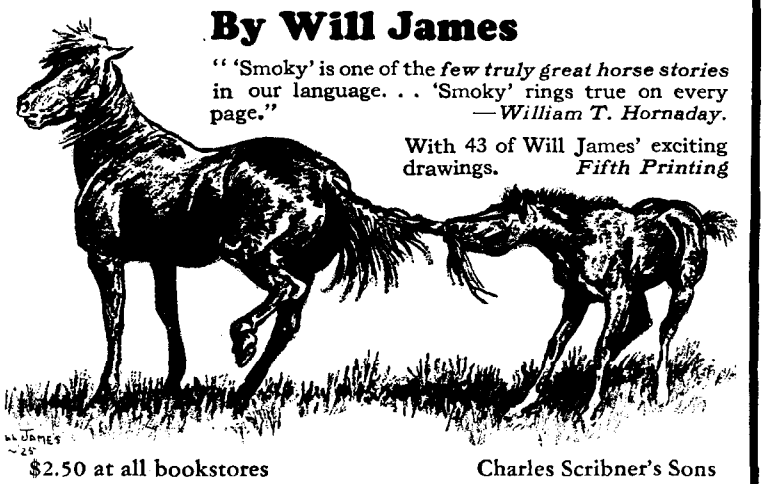

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE CROMER STREET CHRONICLES. By NORMAN PROCTOR GREIG. Dutton. 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Greig writes of children in a naïve and likable vein. His field is the English town of Teddington, and his hero is one Buggs Grayson. Many of his characters are not prepossessing, but with a laudable instinct for propaganda, he has attempted to prove that in the simple annals of the poor there is more to be commended than deplored, even in the case of so ferociously poor and unkempt a community as his Cromer Street. The disconnected episodes in Buggs Grayson's career, including a visit to the "pictures," tea at the curate's, a triumphant afternoon at the circus, and considerable minor warfare in the neighborhood, are amusingly depicted. It is all very mild, and the language is often so unbelievably superior, for all its cockneyisms, to that of the American counterparts of Mr. Greig's children, that one must wonder whether it has not been denatured to some extent. Buggs's real name turns out to be Cecil Burgoyne, and he ends his career in this volume as a student in one of the schools "for the sons of gentlemen," with which we are not yet blessed for obvious reasons. Mr. Greig makes pleasant work of it, and deserves a modest place with those who have successfully interpreted young England.

THE LESSER BREED. By MARY WILTSHIRE. Dodd, Mead. 1926.

The author of "Patricia Ellen" and "Thursday's Child" offers a slightly more mature presentation of the same picturesque, harsh, futile people who moved through the pages of her earlier novels. It is, of course, a Hardy-esque story, plausible and mediocre.

Elizabeth Seagry is the daughter of a neurotic, hyper-sensitive woman married to a big-hearted, lovable country squire who becomes an habitual drunkard. As Elizabeth's younger brother is almost due to be born her mother discovers that Mr. Seagry, in a drunken debauch, has left a gypsy neighbor with an illegitimate child. Marion Seagry goes into hysterics and her child is prematurely born. The child is weak and sickly and the mother becomes a chronic invalid. The rest of the story is devoted to a portrayal of the effect upon Elizabeth of her self-sacrificing attention to her neurotic mother, her spoiled brother, and her helpless father. Her experiences naturally develop in her great strength of character.

THE CUBICAL CITY. By JANET FLANNER. Putnams. 1926. $2.

This is another novel that tries to "catch the spirit of New York." Occasionally it runs across the trail of said spirit, but that event occurs scarcely often enough to be worth recording. It is also a first novel in which an obviously talented writer is attempting to work out for herself an original and individual stylistic idiom; it must be reported that she has not yet solved her problem. There is enough solid stuff here to make one curious about Miss Flanner's future work, but this first novel is a confused and faltering tale that never gets much of anywhere. One feels that the author has in her something worth hearing, but one never discovers just what it is.

THE UNQUENCHABLE FLAME. By ARTHUR J. REES. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

Although "The Unquenchable Flame" is a story with a murder and a mystery, the murder is unexciting, and the mystery tenuous. The shots are not fired until more than a third of the narrative has been completed, and even then we are in no particular agitation to know the methods, and the causes. Mr. Rees has kept only a little from the reader; indeed, what seems at first an obvious tragedy of circumstance is only at the dénouement proved to be intricate, and obscurely motivated. If we wish to see genuine merit in the novel we must go beyond the plot and estimate the setting, which is Hangletree, the home of old, crabbed Simon, last of his line. Hangletree lies sulkily in a dip of the Sussex Downs, isolated from the neighboring rustics, who regard it, as well as its owner, with the deep distrust of a suspicious peasantry. Glimpses of the Downs fill the best pages of the book, bringing to us the slopes, gentle yet powerful, the varying colors, the fluctuating moods that come with mist, and sun. The characters, however, are commonplace, and give prophecy of the action: the young orphaned girl come to brighten the invalidism of her uncle Simon; the illegitimate son bent on revenge; and the sinister Mockett, scarred, silent, but apparently faithful manservant to his sinking master. "The Unquenchable Flame" is often dull, and, with the exception of the background, always conventional, but it is seldom positively incompetent. To say more in praise is impossible.

THE BLATCHINGTON TANGLE. By G. H. D. and MARGARET COLE. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

In their latest novel the Cole partners seem to have fallen far below the standard of that surpassing good detective story, "The Death of a Millionaire," which they published last year. Their present production contains many of the faults common to the rank and file of mystery yarns, and few stronger elements. A shady, but prosperous, character is found murdered on the floor of the library in an English nobleman's country-house. During the same night, a priceless ruby necklace is stolen from the domain's mistress, suspicion of having committed both crimes resting upon the numerous inmates, guests, and servants. A prize winning private sleuth is called in and, without demonstrating his possession of remarkable gifts, solves the two mysteries in the course of a few hours. On their record of past performances, one is led to hope for better showings than this by the co-authors.

SINGING WINDS, Stories of Gipsy Life. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

A collection of gipsy tales told by a Gipsy with considerable charm and in very readable prose. The scene of the stories is laid in the country along the Danube, "the old district of Oltu, where the first soldiers of the Emperor Trajan had settled down two thousand years ago." This Roumanian background rich in folk-lore is aptly drawn upon for its romantic memories of old wars, superstitions, and legends, in some three hundred pages that capture an authentic charm. The narratives are well told and seldom fail to retain the reader's interest. Not an important book, but emphatically a pleasant one.

THE PRINCE'S LOVE AFFAIR. By A. H. BENNETT. Longmans, Green. 1926. $2.

A conscientious historical accuracy is the most praiseworthy feature of this version of a celebrated love affair—that of the Prince of Wales (George IV), and the virtuous widow Fitzherbert. The Prince is depicted as the weakling rake, vacillating between the incessant temptations of his position, and the desire to lead a retired life with this deserving woman, the only one for whom he ever cared profoundly. They were privately joined in marriage during his youth, but the ceremony was declared invalid by the laws of the Kingdom, and the luckless Prince submitted to a sanction union with his undesired cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick. A minor, fictitious theme accompanies the historic narrative, relating the career of a gallant young gentleman who serves his Prince and the widow devotedly, weds a charming wife, and in old age visits the royal sinner on his death-bed.

ISLAND FARM. By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE. Appleton. 13926. $1.75.

"Island Farm," a sequel to "Makeshift Farm," may justly boast a dozen different reasons for recommendation. It has an unusual and colorful setting in the West Indies where life is full of palm trees, and *magoes, and cocoanuts, and primitive* negroes, and all sorts of things that will be strange and interesting to the children who will read this book. It has a most delightful family as its central interest, a plot which keeps vigorously moving, both the part that deals with the family's disastrous attempt at truck-growing on a tropical mountainside, and the final chapters wherein sinister negro superstition precipitates a calamity, and a rescue.

GREEN GOLD OF YUCATAN. By GREGORY MASON. Duffield. 1926. $2.

For what it lacks in originality, this trophical adventure story makes amends by the concentrated rapidity of its action. An archæologist, come to search for relics of the ancient Yucatan civilization, and an electrical engineer, on landing at Progreso, find themselves in the midst of a local revolution. They both fall in love with Jamaica Fale, daughter of an aggressive American capitalist, the owner of large hemp interests in the disaffected area. Fale is kidnapped by one of the warring factions,

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under the leadership of a native Indian who has long thirsted for revenge upon the predatory white man. Jamaica and her two admirers, reinforced by friendly peons, trail her father's captors into the jungle, there to nearly perish in battle with their enemies. The tale throughout has a juvenile quality, which renders it doubtful that the book was written for adult readers.

UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS. By ALAN SULLIVAN. Dutton. 1926. $2.

These twelve tales of hardship, heroism, survival, and death in the Arctic wilds are among the most harrowing, but compelling of their kind, we have ever read. The tormented characters, white men, Indians, Eskimo, suffer too cruelly in their struggles with inexorable nature to make the reading of their ordeals a comfortable proceeding. At intervals, however, the agony is abated, with marked effectiveness and relief, by the introduction of less disturbing elements. One of the book's distinctive features is the apparent personal knowledge of their life which the author uses in his depiction of the Eskimo race.

Foreign

DIE REGELUNG DER VOLKSERNAHRUNG IM KRIEGE. By *Hans Locwenfeld-Russ.* Vienna: Hölder-Pichler-Tempsky (Yale University Press).

UNE JEUNE FILLE A LA PAGE. By *J. H. Rosny.* Flammarion.

LES TOURS DE SILENCE. By *Laurence Algan.* Les Cahiers du Sud.

History

EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By IERNE L. PLUNKET. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $1.50.

This unpretentious little book attempts in some 363 pages to cover the history of western Europe from the first century A. D. to 1494. Necessarily elementary, and superficial, it makes no claim to originality either in matter or presentation, but it is pleasantly written, and well illustrated.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE HEBREW KINGDOM. By *T. H. Robinson.* Oxford University Press. $1.50.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By *Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker.* Scribners. $5.

TRAILS OF THE TROUBADOURS. By *Raimon de Loi.* Century. $3.

Juvenile

THE RIDER IN THE GREEN MASK. By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

This excellent juvenile is a story of the American Revolution. The hero is a boy from New Jersey, who wanders, as such heroes often do, through most of the battle, murder, and sudden death incidental to the birth of these United States. "Wanders" is undoubtedly too weak an expression: he positively enjoys the atmosphere of fateful historic events, and frequently contributes to their outcome. He saves the life of Franklin, is captured by a privateer and sent to France, returns with the Marquis de Lafayette, and otherwise participates in what the author makes a most exciting period. Washington is omitted from the gallery of historical portraits, but many leaders and important events are given places in the narrative. The writing is decidedly above average, and the background is pointed in a colorful, if somewhat freehand, manner. For younger boys it is likely that the motives of some characters will prove puzzling; it is sufficiently sophisticated, in fact, to provide a mild love interest. Mr. Holland has been careful not to show any undue prejudice against the enemy, while more than upholding the patriotic responsibilities of his subject.

HOW TO FIND HAPPYLAND. By JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER. Putnams. 1926. $1.75.

This is a charming book in appearance, and it is found to be equally attractive within the covers—both as to Florence Storer's delightful illustrations (plentiful small sketches as well as full-page pictures), and as to the material of the little stories. One or two perhaps, towards the end, enter into a good many minor complications, but most of them are just right for a little child to have read aloud, or an older one to read to himself. The language is simple, and the material is a combination of the familiar and the magical, which children always like. Abstract virtues are upheld—yes, a different one for each tale—but they are tucked in with trappings too appealing to be resisted. The ten little stories will all be enjoyed.

THE TALE OF THE GOOD CAT JUPIE. Written and Illustrated by NEELY MCCOY. Macmillan. 1926. $1.75.

Even without James Stephens's rather serious preface to commend it, small children would very readily enjoy this story of the good-natured cat and his friends. The pictures are delightful and the text simple, homely, and full of the little circumstantial touches that small children prize.

THE PRINCE OF WAILS. By PAULINE FELIX GEFFEN. Illustrated by C. E. Millard. Simon & Shuster. 1926. $2.50.

A rather poor title for this book of funny, happy little rhymes written for two little children by their mother, which every nursery will enjoy. There are amusing pictures by Claud Millard, which one could wish produced in less crude coloring.

LITTLE MARY MIXUP IN FAIRYLAND. By ROBERT M. BRINKERHOFF. With Illustrations by the author. Duffield. 1926. $2.

An amplification of Mr. Brinkerhoff's familiar cartoons, much padded out. Fairly amusing stories which will not make too great demands on any child's intelligence. Mary is excellent in her journalistic career, but not the stuff of which a real child's book is made.

MAYBE TRUE STORIES. By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE. With illustrations by Harold Sichel. Duffield. 1926. $2.

The story of two twins and their adventures in Sleepland. Nothing very new in invention but some pretty ideas and fantasies pleasantly presented.

THE ALLEY RABBIT. By JAMES H. PENNIMAN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $1.50.

The biography, faithful and in parts amusing, of a real cat, written from personal acquaintance and illustrated with photographs. One feels the writer has made a good job of it, but that it lacks just the touch of imaginative understanding which would make it lifelike. Young and serious cat-lovers, however, will find much to appreciate in its detail and observation.

NOAH'S NIGHTMARE. By BOB MCNAGNY. With Illustrations and other Nonsense by the Author. The Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $3.50.

Some of these jingles about animals are clever and all are amusing, as well as the pictures. Elders will enjoy it, but it is an especially good funny book for small children, as the author manages to get nearly all his humor by playing on facts, while Mr. Noah's running commentary gives a brief little description of each beast and its habits, side by side with the nonsense verse—an excellent idea.

THE CHRISTMAS REINDEER. By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Illustrated by Rhoda Chase. Macmillan. 1926. $1.

This story of two little Eskimo children is a real Christmas tale since it tells, among other things, just where and how Santa Claus chooses his reindeer each year. As background to a pretty fancy is a very realistic picture of Eskimo life and the herding of the deer.

THE LITTLE BLUE MAN. By GIUSEPPE FANCIULLI. Translated from the Italian by May M. Sweet. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75.

"The Little Blue Man" is a cardboard doll come to life, and his adventures, beginning with his career as a marionette actor, are full of drollery. A story in the vein of "Pinocchio," with wit, charm and humor; an Italian child's story at its rare best. The illustrations by Bacharach are delightful and the whole book attractively produced.

KOOTENAI WHY STORIES. By FRANK B. LINDERMAN. Scribners. 1926. $2.

Before the Indian becomes too modernized and forgets his own legends and his old explanations for wild ways, it is good that collections such as this one should be made. These stories, gathered from the Indians of the Kootenai Tribe by a writer who has lived among them and knows their language, will appeal especially to boys. There is a fine ring of reality to them and a simplicity and vigor that makes them unusual among the group of Indian and folk legends written down second-hand. These are told in the Indian's own words as nearly as possible and the effect is of listening to the story teller himself before a blazing camp-fire in some remote trading post. "Coyote's Adventures," "Old-Man and the Thunderbirds;" "The Skunk Person," and "Stealing the Springtime" are only a few of the stories included. There are a number of excellent colored illustrations, remarkably well reproduced.

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE MAGIC FLIGHT. Jewish Tales and Legends. By YOSSEF GAER. Frank-Maurice, Inc. 1926. $2.

A Jewish Grandmother tells her grandchildren a group of tales out of the history and folk lore of their own people. Some of these are about familiar Old Testament characters:—Queen Esther, King Solomon, and Moses, others are of forgotten mythical personages who had much to do with many of the Hebrew customs and religious rites carried on today. The stories are all told simply and clearly and with plenty of conversation to make them attractive for young readers. They are a little less vivid to our way of thinking than they should be. Somehow they lacked the vitality and spirit authentic folk-lore, though the book is readable enough in its way. We did not care much for the rather formal black and white illustrations, though the colored frontispiece showed considerable beauty of design and coloring, and the book itself is better made than most juveniles.

TALES OF LAUGHTER. Edited by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH. Decorated by E. MACKINSTRY. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $3.

This re-issue of an old and popular edition of merry folk tales selected and retold by the late Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister Nora Archibald Smith, seems to us a particularly happy venture on the publisher's part. Surely there can never be enough good fun in the world and these stories, ranging from early folk tales to the joyful nonsense of Edward Lear, make delightfully refreshing reading for "the young of all ages." Such intriguing titles as—"The Rats and Their Son-in-Law;" "The Nose-Tree;" "The Three Sillies;" "The Story of Little Black Mingo;" "How the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind Went Out to Dinner," and many more beckon the reader on from page to page as do the spirited decorations in color and black and white by that most skilful wielder of the reed-pen, Elizabeth MacKinstry. Her delectably gay and quaint decorations are as full of vitality and beauty and fun as anything we have come across in months. So perfectly do they catch the spirit of the tales that one cannot think of the stories without her picturesque people and landscapes, her humorous animals and elfish children. The full page colored illustrations are unusually successful. We liked in particular the charming "King Thrushbeard" and the group of nonsensical children for the Edward Lear tale of the "Four Little Children Who Went Round the World," and of course the great white goose stalking grandly across a whole page by itself is the kind of drawing that only happens once in a great while. Altogether for text and format "Tales of Laughter" is a delight from cover to cover. Certainly one of the most distinguished books, in the juvenile field, of the year.

TALES FROM THE ENCHANTED ISLES. By ETHEL MAY GATE. Illustrated by DOROTHY P. LATHROP. Yale University Press. 1926. $2.

Every year or so from the Yale University Press in New Haven comes another collection of fairy tales by Ethel May Gate. They are simple, authentic fairy and folk tales, not old ones retold, but new and fanciful ones in the old and unchallengeable fairy tale manner. After the oversentimental and striving-to-be-clever kind written in a cheap and hurried modern manner, these more conventional ones, told with dignity and often with very real beauty of feeling and expression, are indeed a relief. The author is not afraid to begin with "once upon a time;" to go through the old and happy, but never threadbare, formulas of lost princesses; fighting dragons; rescuing elves and fay folk, and to finish with the satisfactory "they live happy ever after" end. Of course there are times when one wishes for a little more of the poetic inspiration of Hans Andersen or the quaint humor and surprising twists of the Brothers Grimm, but taken all in all the tales are well done and written with much literary charm.

"The Lamp from Fairyland" and "The Singing Water" happen to be our special favorites, but this may be due in part to the illustrations that Dorothy P. Lathrop has made for them. Miss Lathrop's work is too well known to need any introduction after her successful handling of Walter de la Mare's sprites and Fairy Folk in "Down A-Down Derry," and her delightful children for the poems of Hilda Conkling. Here the artist has concerned herself chiefly with Sea-People and her mermaids and sea-horses and water-sprites are as lovely as anything she has done to our way of thinking. There is a fine-spun quality to her work; a frail vitality and beauty of line and form to everything she touches, but it is in poetry and fairy tales that she comes most truly into her own. Miss Gate is lucky indeed to have her for illustrator and both author and artist are lucky to have the Yale University Press behind them to turn out such a beautifully made book.

THE HUNGRY TIGER OF OZ. By RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON. Illustrated by John R. Neill. Reilly & Lee. 1926. $2.

This is a tale founded on the famous "Oz" stories by L. Frank Baum. Such a lovable and unvoracious beast, resembling strongly the lions in Daniel's den! He is stolen by the wicked Rashers and his escape with his friends Betsy of Oz, Reddy, the Rightful Heir to the throne, and the Vegetable Man, makes a yarn that could go on indefinitely. The Oz books for wonder-rousing material carry their own label. There are none like them. No doubt there will still be a crop to console our children in their dotage.

THE WHITE LEADER. By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER. Macmillan. 1926. $1.75.

One is sure to get from the writings of Constance Lindsay Skinner, historian as well as story-teller, authentic pioneer portraits based on patient research. Such she gives us now in the White Leader of the Creeks —McGillivray, who in the first part of his career allied himself with Spain against America, when the Southwest border was at stake.

It is a distinct accomplishment to create story enchantment from the materials with which this author works. In such books the danger of dulness by dwelling too long on facts of history is ever present. To create color and excitement there is a constant temptation to build the story around great men and important battles. Miss Skinner does not yield to such temptations; she excites and holds interest by her own invention working upon historical facts. The result is that in "The White Leader" boys and girls have a book that attracts by virtue of its story interest, and that subtly leaves on the reader's mind an accurate picture of the days when General Wilkinson intrigued to join Tennessee to Louisiana under Spanish rule.

DAVID HOTFOOT. By DAN TOTHEROH. Doran. 1926.

Dan Totheroh (he must write well for children to remember that name) gives us refreshing color and originality in this delightfully illustrated volume. We imagine that it was Jackie Coogan's petted, guarded life that suggested to the author his hero, David Stanley, a boy-star in Hollywood who rebels against the shouting director with his megaphone, the buzzing cameras, the watchful parents, the fur-lined coat, the "fan" adoration, and runs away.

The boy falls in with Slivers, a gentleman of the road; sups fragrant mulligan stew out of a battered tin pan; gets rid of his curls; exchanges his velvet suit for a Huck Finn garb, and becomes a "Road-Kid," traveling carefree with the ragged, fatherly tramp past blossoming orchards—until those disillusioning adventures begin.

Dan Totheroh knows hobos—knows Hollywood. He understands too the heart of a child. Out of his knowledge of them all has come one of the most engaging juveniles of the season. No adult need be afraid to permit a child to follow David into this hobo camp, for the road-kid at last sees life in its true colors.

THE MOUNTAIN OF JADE. By VIOLET IRWIN and VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

Whaling, walrus hunting, ice jams, Arctic treasure—magnets of interest for the older boy. It is the story of a white youth and a copper youth—Gerry Raikes, ex-sailor, and Kak the Eskimo;—of how Kak led his white companion into Arctic hunting and adventure.

These writers, in a happy partnership, have captured the wild North, its people, customs, and creatures, and put them into this book with a vividness and reality that gives it strength and attraction. The treasure thread is the weakest, yet the book is so rich in other adventures that it does not need the inevitable treasure note to make it fascinating. Here is a story that instructs while it entertains, but that fortunately keeps any suggestion of instruction concealed from the reader. A worth-while juvenile indeed!

Miscellaneous

THE THIRD MATE: How to Become an Officer In the U. S. Sea Service. By F. GRIFFITH. New York: The Anchor Press. 1925.

Frederick Griffith of 2031 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., to give him name and place, in fact to locate him both by latitude and longitude in these United States, has written, printed, and bound, himself alone, a work on seamanship and navigation, the like of which may never come to pass again. Fancier books, finer books, cleverer books, are being published every day, almost every hour, but seldom do we come across a more honest book, or a more interesting one.

Briefly, for this is a short review, the work has to do with the subjects of navigation, the duties of junior officers at sea and in port, sea life, hygiene, ethics, smuggling, etc. Five hundred pages set up on a small hand press, each set separately, by the author, and a limited first edition of five hundred strictly hand-made books, should appeal to the collector, let alone the youngster going to sea. Of course the books are hand bound, also by the author, who, being a man of imagination as well as energy, constituted himself "The Anchor Press."

Looking at the book from a strictly professional point of view we declare it accurate, soundly presented, and intensely interesting. Viewing it with the jaundiced eye of a paid reviewer, and no meaner animal exists (as all regular authors are ready to testify) we declare it a work of unusual merit. Doctors, who try and confound us with unusual words, will find their tricks exposed in the section under *hygiene* of Chapter 25.

The lay reader (lying comfortably in bed of a Sunday morning while his wife and kids go to church) will find a rich cargo of wisdom in this chapter. Mr. Griffith minces no words. Butter and egg men, both fresh and stale, might take warning from him.

Under "Drinking" he offers sound advice. We gather that American crews, when abroad, of course, are noted for their thirst. "Drinking alcoholic liquors will never make a better navigator out of you," he states positively. Once American crews were no worse than, let us say, British crews. Now, so it seems, they are superior, or inferior, depending upon which side of the Constitution you prefer to swear allegiance.

Short sea story writers might get much data from his pages on smuggling, but let them also buy or borrow this rare book. Mr. Griffith is so full of philosophy, so well stowed with wisdom, his honest book reads like the Sayings of Solomon at sea. The best and most honest book we have read in the past year.

Poetry

WILD PLUM. By ORRICK JOHNS. Macmillan. 1926. $1.25.

This is a little book of seventy-one pages of lyrics done in a well turned way, *à la mode*, in the style of the present "lyric renaissance." Orrick Johns possesses a considerable facility in verse. Yet only once or twice does he escape from the formula of this kind of thing:

A tiny bell the tree toad has,
I wonder if he knows
The charm it is to hear him
Ringing as he goes?

"To a Dead Classmate" has spots of genuine feeling. All the rest, including the title poem of "Wild Plum," which the lady who writes the blurbs at Macmillans avers "shows Orrick Johns' magic of touch and the singing quality of his lines," is—well, just the kind of thing that sings and sings and sings itself into oblivion.

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The Reader's Guide

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

A VICTORIAN AMERICAN. By *Herbert Gorman.* (Doran.)

THE MAKING OF A MODERN MIND. By *J. H. Randall, Jr.* (Houghton Mifflin.)

THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION. By *Everett Dean Martin* (Norton.)

E. L. C. M., Chicago, Ill., asks for a list of "rip-snorting detective stories, well-told and artistically developed," saying that life being at the moment somewhat monotonous he would "like to read about criminals and such-like social aberrations."

ANY list of the season's mystery stories must begin with Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "What Really Happened" (Doubleday, Page), the most important novel of this type since Ronald Knox's "Viaduct Murder" last year, but it is so much more than a detective story it must be set apart from the others as a searching study of real people involved in a poignant situation. Someone said this summer in England—where it made an instant sensation—that if all murder stories realized their characters so completely as sinning, suffering human beings, no determined reader of them could stand the strain. The suspense, which does not crack until the last sentence of the last page, is the more extraordinary considering that the material facts come out early in the book.

As a straight detective yarn with an unexpected solution, the banner book is "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). I had gone through everything I could find by Freeman Wills Crofts, whose exercises in this line I prefer even to those of Fletcher, and was somewhat disdainful of lesser artists in crime, when the girl in the bookshop said with a conviction deeper than any sales-argument, "I don't care what you think about anything else by Agatha Christie, you'll like this." She was completely right: it is a book that everyone reads twice in immediate succession. Mr. Crofts's latest is "The Cheyne Mystery" (A. and C. Boni), in which his famous Inspector French goes on another long, steady, and unwavering pursuit. Another well-known literary detective appears again in H. C. Bailey's "Mr. Fortune's Trials" (Dutton): this man is unusually attractive. G. H. Chesterton's favorite hero comes back in "The Incredulity of Father Brown" (Dodd, Mead): he is real enough, but in mystery stories Mr. Chesterton seems to me to be working out crossword puzzles he has himself made. "Death at Swathling Court," by J. T. Connington (Little, Brown), seems about to break the rules of right mystery tales by introducing a "death ray" as yet unknown to science, but this is only a mask for a much deeper plot. In Eden Phillpott's "Jig Saw" (Macmillan), a story with a cruel sort of solution, the first victim is found in a room as impenetrable as a safe. "Sinister House," by Charles Booth (Morrow), has some professional criminals in it as well as the amateurs that usually form the cast of these dramas; as a result it is more violent than the run of drawing-room crimes. "The Detective's Holiday," by Charles Barry (Dutton), gives a chance for comparative study of French and British methods when a Scotland Yard man on vacation in a French fishing village is called in to catch an elusive criminal. "By Candle-light," by Gertrude Knevels (Appleton), takes place in an old house up the Hudson, and is creepy and jumpy enough to keep anyone awake after finishing it; it follows the American method of involving a love-story. I see that the classic example of this type, Anna Katherine Green's "Hand and Ring" (Dodd, Mead), has been brought out in a revised edition, and I will read this through the instant it comes under my eye, to see how and where it could be revised. It was the prize mystery story of my girlhood. E. P. Oppenheim's "Harvey Garrard's Crime" (Little, Brown), is more romance than detective story, though the force does come in toward the end. "The Red-Haired Girl," by Carolyn Wells (Lippincott), sets her pet sleuth on the trail of two flatirons and a wet footprint. "The Club of Masks," by Allen Upward (Lippincott) is a poison mystery with a psychological slant, and a tight tension on the plot. "Ann's Crime," by R. T. M. Scott (Dutton), would be disqualified by Chesterton because it has a political secret society in it, and I may add that for years I have read no further in a crime story than the point where a mysterious Russian lifts his head. But the list, printed in the front of the book, of magazines in which Secret Service Smith is appearing—sixteen of them and a syndicate of newspapers—shows that others have not these prejudices. I found out Chesterton's opinions on this point from his introduction to Walter S. Masterman's "The Wrong Letter" (Dutton), which is better than the book itself. Talk about putting people in high places into novels—this murders a Home Secretary; it must give the actual gentleman holding the title a curious sensation.

E. S. Z., Harrisburg, Pa., asks information about systems of reading for the blind, their respecstive merits and cost, and where books may be bought. E. D. Q., New York, asks for advice on the choice of a book to be put into Braille.

THERE are but two types in use, Braille and Moon; the latter, simple raised letters, is taught when the beginner cannot read Braille; the limited number of books in it can be bought only from the National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, London. The Braille alphabet is the same in all countries, but contractions used in order to quicken the process of reading vary in every language. For convenience Braille is divided into three groups: Grade 1, in which no contractions are used; Grade 2, with about 200 contractions; Grade 3, even more highly contracted. The great bulk of English books are embossed in Braille, Grade 2. When Braille was adopted in the United States as the standard type, about 1917, it was thought best not to use only 44 of the 200 contractions of Grade 2; Braille as used with us is called Braille, Grade 1½. This information was given me by Miss Lucille Goldthwaite, librarian for the blind at the 42d Street Public Library here, where anyone interested should examine the equipment. (But if you visit the rooms, pray do not make the mistake of many sighted persons and assume the blind people are also deaf).

In America the largest firm for books and music is the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky., printing new titles in Braille, 1½. Other sources in this country for buying such material are the Perkins Institution for the Blind,

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

"Helen" Once More

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It has been my bad fortune in the past to read a considerable number of would-be authentic historical romances, dealing with various periods of Greek and of Roman history. I can suggest no worse punishment for those who consider Erskine's delightful "Helen of Troy" unforgivable sacrilege than to read under compulsion ten standard novels of the kind I have indicated, beginning with Becker's "Charicles." For sheer fatuity, for Elsie Dinsmore philosophy, for unadulterated pomposity these volumes win the ignoble prize. Yes, the lord be thanked, Erskine has written a novel breathing the spirit of these modern days, free from descriptions of the Homeric shield, the Homeric warrior, the Homeric palace, and what not. If we want that sort of thing we can get it in Seymour's scholarly and interesting volume, "Life in the Homeric Age." Mr. Erskine could not be Homer if he tried; he was content (and we are thankful) to be Mr. Erskine.

After all (Mr. Andrew Lang to the contrary) the Homeric Greeks were human beings. Homer didn't write like a congress of Oxford dons, chanting favorite passages from the "Morte d'Arthur." As an undergraduate once observed, you need Homer to interpret Andrew Lang. Not only were the Homeric Greeks human beings; they talk like human beings. Mr. Powys, who finds the tone of Erskine's conversations too intimate, might do well to read the latter part of the first book of the Iliad or the scene in the eighteenth book of the same epic, where Thetis goes to pay a belated call on Olympus. Needless to say, Homer wrote an artificial dialect, but what bard of any genius could or would exclude from his songs every echo of the living speech? Men did write thus in later days when they tried slavishly to copy Homer; their names are now a scant paragraph in a history of Greek literature. And when would-be accurate authors make Homeric characters talk as Wardour Street automatons they lose the whole secret of Homer's charm. Homer is one of the most intimate of poets. He tells us in the short scope of his poems far more about the daily life of his people than do all the more restrained writers of the Periclean period.

Erskine's worst crime however is not that he has been too intimate, too colloquial, too banal (would that more conversation were banal as that of Erskine), but that he has done outrage to the memory of Helen of Troy, a memory which has been held sacred for three thousand years. I wonder. Homer, it is true, spares Helen. With exquisite tact he makes this most unhappy queen move to and fro on the heights of windy Troy. But even in Homer Helen struggles in vain against Aphrodite. In the third book she comes in spite of her expressed repentance and reluctance to share once more the couch of Paris. And after the death of Hector she declares she has lost her only true friend. All the rest in Troy save only ancient Priam hate her bitterly. Later authors were not slow to say what they thought. Euripides calls Helen a strumpet; he regards her (and so too does Virgil) as a guilty woman on whose head rests the blood of many brave soldiers. Æschylus ordinarily says little about women. But he depicts in matchless lyrics the beauty of Helen, that he may show how cruel was the use to which she put it. To him and to many other Greeks Helen was simply a faithless wife, who caused the shedding of much blood.

Euripides is occasionally almost frivolous when he speaks of Helen. She was a silly little jade, fond of luxury, who fell in love at the first moment with the jewelry and finely-fitting pants of Paris. Even after that terrible lesson at Troy, after that so cruelly prolonged honeymoon, she came home in fear of stoning, yet laden down with Phrygian eunuchs and fans and ointments that she might not forget the Asiatic luxury she had lost. Coluthus is almost as light in his attitude toward La Belle Helène as was Offenbach. (One seems to remember a presentation of that opus in which the warriors sang "On the Banks of the Wabash"). In the pages of another classical author we read the love letters of Paris and Helen, and elsewhere learn of Helen's vain grief when she saw the first signs of approaching old age.

Beauty so divine as that of Helen was not, to state the other side of the case, without defenders even in antiquity. It is which gives such deep offence to defenders curious to find Euripides playing the apologist for Helen. In his play of the same name he represents Helen as having been, not in Troy but in Egypt, during the Trojan War. Old Stesichorus is said to have been responsible for that yarn. Helen blinded this half-mythical lyric poet because in a poem he assailed her character. The bard regained his sight by writing a recantation in which he said that the real Helen waited for Menelaus in Egypt, while the warriors at Troy fought over a phantom. Morever, it was Stesichorus who, quite in the spirit of a famous biblical scene, related how the accusers of Helen captured her at the fall of Troy and took up stones to stone her, but one by one slunk away, conscious not of their sins, but of her beauty. Gladstone, to come a few years nearer, blubbers sentimentally about the "Christian repentance" of Helen. Most amusing of all is Sir John Lubbock, who valiantly endeavors to make Helen an honest woman by explaining her elopement with Paris as a marriage by capture. Unfortunately for Sir John Homer knows nothing of such marriage; Helen already had a husband; and as Herodotus remarks, "If the women had not been willing, they would never have been carried off."

Erskine takes another ground. Instead of writing like a young poet who dashes off a sonnet to Helen without troubling to look inside a dictionary of mythology Erskine studies the myth, then rationalizes it, and finally makes it human. Instead of calling Helen an adultress he thinks of her as a woman of divine beauty and strong will, who elects to follow love where she finds it. Particularly does he emphasize her beauty. Powys and the other detractors of Erskine miss the whole point of Helen's commerce with Eteoneus, Menelaüs, and Telemachus (I was myself rebuked for making that same suggestion about Telemachus in an undergraduate course in Homer a good many years ago.) He tries to show, and in no unsubtle way, that the ordinary male, whether a boatman or a door-keeper or an Homeric king, was so overwhelmed by the personality and the beauty of Helen as to forget resolutions, business, all the common traffic of everyday life. And besides Menelaüs in the Iliad is a vacillating sort of person, who always looks to Agamemnon for a decision, a man with more nerve than courage, a man with greater rashness than wisdom (see Iliad, 10.121.) For this frank statement of the case Erskine has been accused of indecency. If he had only thought to drag in that outworn myth of Aphrodite; if he had only said that Helen's crime was due to the overwhelming power of the love goddess, all would have gone well; had he lugged in Æthra, the mother of Theseur, in order to explain the irregularities of Helen's later life, the *mores* would have been saved and those who yell for decency at the expense of truth would have been satisfied. Why could not Erskine have copied Marlowe, who brought Helen on the stage for the benefit of a stag party, called her up out of Elysium that she might be coveted by an unimaginative conjurer, who talks entertainingly of "fat mutton," and who uses his talents only to set on foot a procession of the seven deadly sins? And it runs in one's mind that a certain tactless German poet actually made Helen the mistress of that conjuring doctor. Reverence indeed!

Erskine nowhere attains the lofty tone of Homer. I turn to my copy of "The Private Life" and read the fine prayer uttered by Menelaus before leaving Egypt or Helen's defence of her life. Perhaps the phrase "with certain flourishes of irritation" jars on sensitive ears; perhaps this is not Homer (who said it was?); but I infinitely prefer it to the yards of archæological pomposity with which one is commonly regaled in novels of this sort, I prefer it to that archaic wooting and wotting all over the premises which is supposed to be Homeric and succeeds in being asinine; in short I prefer Erskine to literary apes.

And Erskine's Helen is suburban. My word! What *would* George Babbitt do with her? Helen was all that Babbitt would not want, someone to make him shin the immaculate picket-fences of Gopher Prairie (or whatever village) and fare forth into the untrammelled wilds of Africa, of which Mr. Powys, staunch defender of reverence, writes with such moving eloquence (see some of the more ebony pages of "Ebony and Ivory"). Once more in reference to the Telemachus episode, which gives such deep offence to defenders of reverence. I had as soon think that the spell of forgetfulness was cast on young Telemachus by a glance from the divine face of Helen as to believe that it was created by a drug, opium or what you will. If Helen could so disturb those old greybeards in Homer, chirping cicado-like at the tower, what could she not do to an untravelled prince like Telemachus?

The whole matter goes deeper than any mere criticism of John Erskine's novel. The general public, I will not say Mr. Powys (for he evidently knows some Greek), has a mistaken conception of the Greek genius. The average prater, the omigawd type of poet who is forever yelling about his soul, the black-cloaked lecturer rolling his eyes as he delivers a peroration on Shelley before the federated clubs of Winesburg, talks of the Greeks as if they had been Duncan dancers, ethereal creatures like Plato's grasshoppers who once were nymphs; gossamer beings clad in the inevitable white garment with a key pattern, leaping from crag to crag of the acroceraunian mountains and batting purple balls from hand to hand; impossible persons who walked about in the market-place shouting: "Nothing too much, nothing too much, nothing too much." This pernicious nonsense pervades the whole of peripatetic talk about Greek literature. Instead of treating the characters in Greek (to mention only one instance) as human beings drawn to an heroic scale, men chatter about classic restraint and Fate and Necessity and the inexorable will of the gods. And no amount of argument will convince the would-be cultured public, reared on false notions of the Greek genius and of those who set it forth in our schools. Men will continue to praise, but not read, the classics until another author comes along who like Erskine has the good sense to see the humanity beneath mythology.

FLOYD A. SPENCER.
Ohio Wesleyan University.

"It Is Me"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Under Points of View in your issue of August 28th, Mr. George Haines IV quotes Havelock Ellis ("Dance of Life," Ch. 4) in substantiation of his contention of the practicability of the use of *it is me* instead of *it is I*.

Mr. Haines quotes Mr. Ellis as follows: "The French, who in such matters, seem to have possessed a finer social and psychological tact, have realized that *je* cannot be the sole nominative of the first person, and have supplemented it by *moi* (*mi* from *mihi*). The Frenchman, when asked who is there, does not reply 'Je'!

To begin with, Mr. Ellis is philologically inaccurate when he states that *moi* comes from *mihi*. As a matter of fact, *moi* develops quite normally from *me*. Unchecked *e* in Latin regularly diphthongizes into *oi* in French (legem, loi; habere, avoir). That the Frenchman uses *moi* instead of *je* in answer to the question "Qui est là?" is due in no wise to the "finer social and psychological tact" with which Mr. Ellis credits him. The unstressed pronoun form *je* (just as the third person form *il*) could not possibly be used in the stressed position required in the construction under consideration. The stressed position requires *moi* as it does *lui*. Furthermore, *moi*, although coming from the accusative *me*, is as truly a nominative as is the English *I*, inasmuch as it is the Latin accusative which has regularly survived as the French nominative.

It is therefore apparent that linguistic development is most unlikely to succumb to the wiles of social usage in so fundamental a principle as is herein involved.

EDYTHE KELLY SALT.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

In Rebuttal

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I appreciate the interest taken by Mr. Ellis W. Meyers, the executive secretary of the American Booksellers Association, in my article on "Book Distribution Abroad," as shown in his letter published in your issue of November 6. I also appreciate the information he gives about the small Clearing House now existing in New York. But I think he is mistaken in his implied belief that his letter disposes of what he calls my "implied criticism." I asked: Who ever heard of an American publisher going to Europe to study book distribution? Apparently he, at any rate, has never heard of one.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.
New York City.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Watertown, Mass., the Illinois School for the Blind, Jacksonville, Ill. (music only), and the Clovernook Printing House for the Blind, Mount Healthy, O., (books only). Of these by far the most important is the first-named. Price lists from this house and also from the National Institution, London, which issues books in Braille, Grades 1, 2, and 3, and also Braille music, may be had upon application. The cost of these books is high, due chiefly to the space occupied by embossed type; embossed music, however, is very reasonable.

I am often asked to suggest books to be read in Braille, but this is the first time I have been called in to advise in a matter of such weight as the selection of one to be embossed, and the very idea of embossing for the blind as a form of philanthropy seemed so sound to me that I asked for details. It seems that this correspondent's interest in Braille was aroused by an appeal of the Red Cross for volunteers to learn and do transcribing for the blind. She took ten lessons from a Red Cross teacher, and after an examination, received a diploma as a certified transcriber. "My machine, which is on the order of a typewriter, I bought from a firm in Chicago, who make them as a sideline. I submit a list of books which interest me to the Director of Braille work: she informs me which one I may do in order to avoid duplication of hand-made copies. After brailling the book each sheet must be varnished on the back to increase its durability. I then send it to the Red Cross, where a blind proofreader reads it. It is then bound and sent to the Library of Congress, Dept. for the Blind; They send it first to Evergreen Hospital, where there are 500 blinded soldiers, and after they have finished with it it is returned to the Library of Congress, from which it is sent to any place in the United States where it is desired. A device has been lately invented in France whereby about thirty copies can be made from a hand-transcribed work. So far I have only done Conrad's 'Victory,' which made about ten volumes, each over a hundred pages, Edna St. Vincent Millay's 'The Harp Weaver and Other Poems,' John Masefield's 'Salt Water Bal lads,' and the last one I did was 'God's Step-Children.' "

If you can picture to yourself the close attention required to do this work ("which can be done at home and at any odd moments of leisure" says the letter) if you have ever examined a volume of Braille, you will not be unmoved by that word "only" in the sentence beginning "So far." There are some good people you don't ever hear about.

I shall be more than glad of suggestions on the choice of this book. I may say, as we are on this subject, that a novel of surprising power has just appeared, called "Blindness" (Dutton). The author, Henry Green, is very young: I understand he is scarce older than his hero, who while yet a schoolboy halfway through the book loses his sight through accident. The rest of the novel is concerned with his spiritual recovery and adjustment. Whoever this writer may be, he has succeeded in carrying the reader along in the "stream of consciousness of his people in a manner thoroughly modern and without the least fumbling for his effects.

M. D., Atlanta, Ga., asks what dictionary, modestly priced, should be chosen for a class of adults doing continuation work

I went for confirmation of my own belief that the "Collegiate Dictionary," (Merriam, $5) met all these requirements, to the new "A. L. A. Catalogue," just received, a marvellous and monumental work, at least thrice the size of the last issue issue but, thanks to a genius for elimination, not yet too large for convenience in consultation; it can still fit into my brief case for emergency uses while travelling, like the other one. I was pensively turning its pages and wondering why on earth anyone wrote to the Guide with this treasury consultable at public libraries, when I came upon "The Reader's Guide Book," described as "An indispensable work." My family is now required to salaam slightly on entering my presence. I also found in the **A. L. A. Catalogue** that there is another excellent abridgment of "Webster's New International," smaller than the "Collegiate;" this is "Webster's Secondary School Dictionary" (American Book Co., $2.40), which may fill the needs of this class.

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The Contents for December

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, Part I
Christopher Morley

AMERICA AND THE DEBTS, An English Defense of America's Policy
George Glasgow

WHAT, THEN, IS CULTURE?
Katharine F. Gerould

BIG BUSINESS ON TRIAL
Jesse R. Sprague

EMERSON AND THE REFORMERS
Van Wyck Brooks

COLLEGE AND THE EXCEPTIONAL MAN
Bernard DeVoto

MANAGING THE BOSS
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THE CHILD'S DAY: A Story
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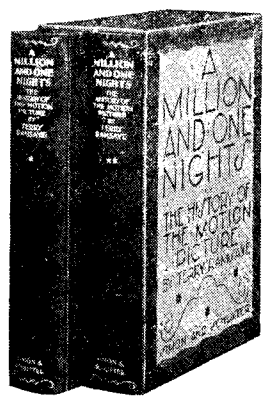

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TWO delightfully illustrated books that have come to us recently are *A. S. Turberville's* illustrated introduction to the eighteenth century, put forth by the Clarendon Press and entitled "English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century," and "A Mid-Century Child and Her Books," by *Caroline M. Hewins* (Macmillan). Mr. Turberville considers the illustrations to his own volume fully as important as the letterpress, and they are admirably chosen. The book as a whole is manufactured with the impeccable taste common to Oxford publications. The smaller book, "A Mid-Century Child," bears a lavender binding stamped in gold in delightful imitation of the decorations common to mid-nineteenth century books. The illustrations are culled from such books as "Snow-Berries, A Book for Young Folks, (1867)," "Friendship's Offering (1835)," "The Token (1830)," "Marmaduke Multiply," "Youth's Keepsake," "Grandma's Book of Rhymes for the Nursery," and so on. There are some delightful plates in color and *Anne Carroll Moore* has written an introduction. . . .

Sig Spaeth—or Dr. Spaeth, which title does not do justice to this wit of the musical world,—has just burst upon the market with two books, either of which—if you have any tunefulness in you—should delight you. There is "Words and Music," a book of burlesques (Simon & Schuster) and "Read 'Em and Weep," the Songs You Forgot to Remember (Doubleday, Page). Spaeth, in the former, presents his famous parodies familiar to his lecture audiences and those who have heard him over the radio. But here at last are the words and music you couldn't remember for laughing. "Read 'Em and Weep" is the result of *con amore* research into old songs of sentiment, melodrama, and ribaldry, for the reader as well as for the amateur performer. It plucks priceless pearls of popular vocalization from the past. . . .

We hear that next year Houghton Mifflin will publish a book on old New England tombstones, by *Esther Forbes*, who wrote "O, Genteel Lady." Miss Forbes has spent about twenty years in cemetarial investigation. . . .

The young *Nathalia Crane's* new book of poems, "The Singing Crow" (Albert and Charles Boni), is dedicated to the poet, *Virginia Moore*, author of "Not Poppy." Miss Crane's book is plentifully decorated by *Mac Harshberger*. This thirteen-year-old child poet is a mystery among children. Many of her newer poems seem obscure to us, though often there is unusual insight in the expression, a feeling for words fantastically brilliant. These four verses from "The Dust," for instance, seem to us remarkable:

Under the microscope all seems sincere;
There is a hillside, a valley, a weir.

There are diameters posing as fens,
There are the Apennines—under the lens.

Spread on a slide is the great Gobi Plain;
Carthage and Nineveh rise from a stain.

Laid out in atoms of amber and rust,
Surely an angel arranges the dust.

Again, "Experiments" is extraordinary in compressing a grisly fancy into a quatrain, as well as in its phrasing:

There is a weird for every empty shell,
A hant resides where once the orchid fell;
And in collapsing chancels of the mole,
A shambling ghost still plays his eyeless rôle.

In the title poem and in "A Singer Gone," we do not quite understand about "the daughter of the Hood" among "the lords in black." There is some superb concise phrasing in the former, though the full meaning of the poem is not at all clear. . . .

It is still not too late to get your answer in for the five hundred dollars the firm of Boni and Liveright is offering for an essay on the question (anent *Dreiser's* "An American Tragedy,") "Was Clyde Griffiths guilty of Roberta Alden's death and therefore subject to the penalty of capital punishment for first degree murder?" The judges of this contest are *Arthur Garfield Hays* (who was in charge of the defense at the Scopes trial in Tennessee last year), *Bishop William Montgomery Brown* (Formerly Bishop of Arkansas and excommunicated for heresy last year), and *Heywood Broun*. Manuscripts must be typewritten double space and on one side of the sheet only. They must be submitted, together with all inquiries, to *Donald S. Friede*, 61 West 48th Street, New York City, before December 31, 1926. No manuscripts bearing a postmark later than midnight December 30th will be considered. Boni and Liveright will publish the best of the essays in book form and pay a royalty of fifteen per cent, to be divided equally among all the contestants whose essays are included. . . .

Our own *May Lamberton Becker*, whose address is 126 West 85th Street, announces "Studies in Contemporary Literature: A Series of Lectures," for 1926-27. There are twenty lectures in all, including a review of novels of the season, a study of character in biography, one on the Irish Theatre, one on *Eugene O'Neill*, on the stage in London, a year's British fiction, the bond of Poetry, and so on. Mrs. Becker will suggest reading-lists on any of these subjects through her department in this *Review*, "The Reader's Guide." . . .

Genevieve Taggard, well-known American poet, and author of "For Eager Lovers," "Hawaiian Hilltop," and the most recent "Words for the Chisel" (Knopf), is announced by *William B. Feakins* for a series of lectures with readings from her poems. Miss Taggard is a charming speaker. . . .

The radio station of *The Chicago Daily News*, W. M. A. Q., in collaboration with Northwestern University, is presenting a course of Radio Lectures on "The New Universe," the modern worlds of science, society, art, religion, philosophy, and their relations to each other. They invite all and sundry to tune in every Wednesday at 8:10 P. M. There will be twenty-eight lectures in all. They began on October 20th. Students may register for the course subject to a fee of five dollars charged for handling the papers. . . .

So far as we know, The Society of Woman Geographers is the only woman's organization of the kind in existence. It was organized in 1925, by a group who felt that there should be some medium of contact between women distinguished in geographical work and its allied sciences. Its Associate Membership admits widely travelled women who are interested in furthering all forms of exploration. Among active or corresponding members of the society are such writers as *Mary Austin*, *Florence Ayscough*, *Stella Benson*, *Helen Churchill Candee*, *Rose Wilder Lane*, *Jean Mackenzie*, *Blair Niles*, *Annie S. Peck*, and *Grace Thompson Seton*. . . .

The "Ivory Tower" tea room, 23 Minetta Lane, Greenwich Village, has just opened. It is a quiet rendezvous for the cultivated, with *Louise Lafitte*, the hostess, and is open at seven P. M. . . .

Bob Linscott of Houghton, Mifflin, and *Conrad Aiken* recently sailed for England. They were to be a week in London and then a week at Conrad's home in Rye. Then Linscott was to go to Paris to visit *Archibald MacLeish*, whose "Streets in the Moon" Houghton Mifflin is just publishing in a limited edition of five hundred copies at five dollars per. Aiken has been here for the last two months working on a novel and an anthology of poetry and a number of reviews. . . .

The Viking Press are arranging to publish next Spring a new story by *Sylvia Townsend Warner*, the author of "Lolly Willowes." Its central character is said to be a South Sea missionary. . . .

Margaret Wilson, author of "The Able McLaughlins," and the more recent "The Painted Room," has been living in England since marrying an Oxford professor. Now she is in this country on a short visit. She will return to England to live in the shadow of the historical old Wormwood Scrubs prison in London, inasmuch as her husband has been appointed Deputy Governor of the prison. . . .

Justin Sturm played full-back and end at Yale and was a star of the Yale-Princeton game in 1921. His name is well-known to sport writers and sport fans. But he has bewildered some of his athletic friends by writing "The Bad Samaritan," a novel lately published by Harpers. . . .

We have received several full versions of the ancient and honorable ballad of Abdullah Bulbul Ameer, since our mention of *Christopher Wren's* mention of it. *B. G. E.*, *Edith S. Mitchell*, of La Grange, Illinois, and *Benjamin P. Bourland*, of Cleveland Heights, Cleveland, Ohio, write us about it. One of these days when we have more space we are going to print the full version with variant readings. . . .

Farewell! (as *Byron* said), a word that must be, and hath been, a sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!

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At 19 he came to America, finally taking up journalistic work in New Orleans. This city fascinated him, and some of his finest early work was done under its spell.

During these years Hearn was continually pressed for money; he was often forced to take menial employment, and to sleep in deserted alleys.

Filled with enthusiasm over the perusal of certain books on Japan, he went to this country under contract with Harpers to write a number of sketches of Japanese life.

Shortly after his arrival, he severed connections with this firm, and became an Instructor of English at the University of Tokio.

He married a Japanese and, after the birth of his son, became a citizen of Japan.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF SWARTZ AMERICANA

PART I of the library of Simon J. Swartz of New Orleans consisting of 938 lots of Americana was sold at the Anderson Galleries November 8, 9 and 10, bringing $31,799.75. This collection consisting of books, broadsides, autograph letters, and documents relating to the Louisiana Territory, the Mississippi Valley, and the development of the West is one of the most important that has been offered at public sale. The collection covered the early days of discovery and settlement; Louisiana under French and Spanish rule; its cession to the United States; the troublous times of the Burr conspiracy; the War of 1812 and Andrew Jackson's connection therewith; and other important events down to the present time.

A few representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

Black Code. Code Noir ou loi Municipale, servant de Reglement pour le Gouvernement & l'administration de la Justice, Police, Discipline & le Commerce des Esclaves Négres, dans la Province de la Louisianne, entreprit par Delideration du Cabildo en vertu des Ordres du Roi, que Dieu garde, consignes dans sa Lettre faite a Aranjuez le 14 de Mai 1777. 8vo., sewn, New Orleans, 1778. Excessively rare. $550.

Broadside. The proclamation establishing Spanish law in place of French law in Louisiana, New Orleans, 1769. One of the earliest specimens of Louisiana printing. $450.

Burr (Aaron). "Private Journal," 2 vols., 8vo., Rochester, 1903. Edition limited to 250 copies. $90.

Hearn (Lafcadio). A. L. S. 5 pp., 8vo., New York, February 12, 1890, to Henry H. Alden, relating to financial arrangements for his Japan trip. $230.

Hearn. Autograph manuscript, signed, entitled, "The Night of All Saints," 4pp., 8vo., New Orleans, October 15, 1879. $310.

Hennepin (Louis). "A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," etc., maps, 8vo., half morocco, London, 1698. Tonson issue of the first English edition. $165.

Hutchins (Thomas). "An Historical Narrative and Typographical Description of Louisiana," etc., 8vo., levant morocco, by Sangorski & Sutcliffe, Philadelphia, 1784. Uncut copy of the original edition. $80.

Jackson (Andrew). A. L. S. 3 pp., folio, Nashville, January 8, to his wife, a beautiful domestic and patriotic letter. $100.

Lafitte (Jean and Pierre). A remarkable collection of material, mainly autograph letter and documents, relating to the pirates Jean and Pierre Lafitte and their part in the war of 1812. $830.

AMERICANA AT HEARTMAN'S

AN interesting sales of Rare Americana comprising books and pamphlets relating to the American Revolution, a few first editions and association copies, and some very fine literary and historical autograph letters and documents were sold by Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N. J., November 6, and some very good prices were realized. A few lots with prices were as follows:

Almanac. "Weatherwise's Town and Country Almanack for the Year 1782," 12mo., stitched, Boston, 1781. With rare folding plate by Paul Revere. $65.

American Revolution. "A Letter from a Veteran to Officers Encamped at Boston," 8vo., morocco, printed by Hugh Gaine, New York, 1774. $72.50.

Revolution. Howe (John). "A Journal kept while employed as a British Spy," etc., 8vo., morocco, Concord, N. H., 1827. $72.50.

Dana (Richard Henry). "Two Years Before the Mast," 16mo., cloth, New York, 1840. First edition. $72.

Evans (Lewis). "Geographical, Historical, Political, and Mechanical Essays," small 4 to, morocco, Philadelphia, 1755. Second edition. Printed by Franklin and Hall. $121.

Franklin (Benjamin). Indenture Made the Fourth Day of September, 1755, between William Seal and the Trustees of the General Loan Office of Pennsylvania . . . etc. . . . Signed by William Seal and certified by A. Hamilton. $355.

French and Indian War. Original Manuscript Orderly Book kept at the Headquarters of Major Durkie at Crown Point, from August 10th to October 10th, 1759, 101 pp., small 4to, vellum. $4.25.

Lowell (James Russell). "Democracy and Other Addresses," 8vo., half morocco, Boston, 1887. From the collection of Francis Jackson Garrison, with several autograph letters written by Lowell inserted. $110.

A JUST TRIBUTE

MISS FLORA M. LAMB, who directs the publication of "The Mosher Books," has just issued a second collection of prose and verse chosen by the editor of *The Bibelot* entitled "Amphora," a companion volume to a collection of the same name published in 1912. This volume was partially planned by Mr. Mosher but he did not live to complete them. In addition to selections which he had included in his catalogues from 1912 to 1923, this is really a memorial volume, containing essays and poems by Mr. Mosher, a sonnet, "October in Memory of Thomas Bird Mosher" by Thomas S. Jones, Jr.; a dedication "To Thomas Bird Mosher" by Spencer Miller, Jr.; a "Foreword" by John L. Foley; a tribute, "A Golden String," contributed by Christopher Morley to *The Saturday Review*, July 11, 1925, and a pen portrait of Mr. Mosher entitled "Aldi Discipulus Americanus," contributed by Frederick A. Pottle to *The Literary Review*, December 29, 1923, both reprinted here. The frontispiece is an admirable portrait of the Portland publisher. The dedication is a just and well-phrased tribute:

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The Story of Philosophy—*first!**

The Six Best Sellers

The following books are reported by Brentano's as being most in demand during the past week:

NON-FICTION

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant (Simon & Schuster). [illegible] great systems of thought; and what made them think so.

* * *

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS, by George A. Dorsey (Harper). A synthesis of the [illegible] logical and psychological [illegible] erning human [illegible]

NEW YORK Herald Tribune AUG. 15, 1926

Week's Best Sellers

NON-FICTION—THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant (Simon & Schuster); OUR TIMES, THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, by Mark Sullivan (Scribner); WAYS AND BOULEVARDS AND ABOUT HISTORY [illegible] DELPHIA, by Francis [illegible] and Henry V. Gummere [illegible] change National Bank); [illegible] OOK NOBODY KNOWS [illegible] ce Barton (Bobbs-Merrill); [illegible] LADELPHIA, by H. M. [illegible] tt and Thornton Oakley [illegible]; THE MICROBE HUNTERS, by Paul de Kruif (Harcourt, Brace).

PUBLIC LEDGER AUG. 14, 1926

The week's best circulators in the [illegible] Public Library are listed below in the order of their popularity.

FICTION

"A [illegible]," Dreiser; "American Tragedy," Theodore [illegible]; "worthy [illegible]poon," John Gals[illegible]; "Exquisite [illegible]," Edna Ferber; "Ex-[illegible]Illusion," [illegible]Barrington; "World's [illegible]Son," [illegible]ermann; "Search and [illegible]ning.

NON-FICTION

"Story of [illegible]Philosophy," Will Durant; "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," George Dorsey; "[illegible]ghes; Man Nobody Knows," Bruce Barton; "The Mauve Decade," Thomas Beer; "On the Trail of Ancient Man," Roy Andrews; "Singing in the Rain," Anne Monroe.

The Detroit Free Press OCT. 17, 1926

Cleveland Times AUGUST 14, 1926

BEST SELLERS

Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son" and Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy" maintain their [illegible] in the fiction and non-fiction divisions. The latest computation of sales shows "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," now [illegible] best seller, third [illegible] fiction [illegible]

Edna Ferber, Durant Differ a Long Stay

EDNA FERBER'S "Show Boat" and Durant's "The Story of Philosophy" are the leading [illegible] in the [illegible]ctive divisions on the Macy [illegible]o[illegible] list for last week and [illegible] of the Baker & Taylor [illegible] the month ended Sept. [illegible] the five best sellers of [illegible]ision in the Macy book st[illegible]low:

Non-Fiction

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant.

"THIS BELIEVING WORLD," by Lewis Browne.

MICROBE HUNTERS, by Paul de Kruif.

THE MAUVE DECADE, by Thomas Beer.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by Carl Sandburg.

The World SEPT. 26, 1926

Brooklyn Daily Eagle AUG. 12, '26

Brooklyn's Best Sellers

The appended list is an actual composite scoring list based on reports of this week's sales from Abraham & Straus, Miss Adams' Book Shop, Carroll's Book Shop, Junior League Book Shop, Frederick Loeser & Co., A. I. Namm & Son, Rodgers' Book Store, Rose's Book Shop, T. B. Ventres and A. [illegible]Womrath.

Non-Fiction.

The Story of Philosophy, [illegible]

"Why We Behave Like Human Beings" (26), [illegible]

"Microbe Hunters," [illegible]

"The Man [illegible]

"The Ma[illegible]

BEST SELLERS FOR THE WEEK

SHOW BOAT [illegible] Edna Ferber

LABELS [illegible] Hamilton Gibbs

CREWE T[illegible] Rose Macaulay

THE ROMA[illegible]OMEDIANS Ellen Glasgow

Non-Fiction

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY Will Durant

THE BOOK NOBODY KNOWS Bruce Barton

[illegible]WIN[illegible]ORLD

The Des Moines Capital OCTOBER 4, 1926

The Story of PHILOSOPHY

THE LIVES AND OPINIONS OF THE GREATER PHILOSOPHERS

By Will Durant

EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THE REVIEWS

Seventy-Second to Ninety-Seventh Thousand

Best Sellers

[illegible] Book-[illegible] report [illegible]ller books from June [illegible]es from

[illegible]NG GENERAL [illegible]BOOKS

1. Story of Philosophy, by [illegible] Durant, May 24, '26
2. [illegible] Baby, by Milt Gross, March 26, '26 (Doran)
3. The Book Nobody Knows, by Bruce Barton, July [illegible], '26 (B. M.)

The Philadelphia Inquirer AUG. 7, 1926

IN the impartial report just compiled by the *Publishers' Weekly* (official organ of the book world), **THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY** heads all best-seller lists in the following 66 cities.

EASTERN	
Hartford	Evansville
Stamford	Fort Wayne
Wilmington	Indianapolis
Washington	Topeka
Portland	Detroit
Baltimore	Duluth
Boston	Minneapolis
New Bedford	Kansas City
Northampton	St. Louis
Plymouth	Lincoln
Springfield	Cincinnati
Hoboken	Cleveland
Montclair	Dayton
Trenton	Toledo
Albany	Milwaukee
Brooklyn	Sheboygan
Buffalo	SOUTHERN
New York	Birmingham
Rochester	Little Rock
Schenectady	Savannah
Syracuse	New Orleans
Altoona	Charlotte
Harrisburg	Chattanooga
Lancaster	Knoxville
Philadelphia	Memphis
Pittsburgh	Houston
Reading	Petersburg
Wilkesbarre	Richmond
York	Clarksburg
Providence	WESTERN
MIDDLE WESTERN	Long Beach
Denver	Los Angeles
Chicago	San Francisco
Springfield	Salt Lake City
	Spokane

Published by The Baker & Taylor Co.

Wins Month's High Score

"The Story of Philosophy" continues its surprising success

Best Selling General Books
Sept. 20—Oct. 19

The Story of Philosophy, by Will Durant. May 24. (S. & S.) $5.00. Alphabet, by Tony Sarg's Sept. 20. (Greenberg) $1.00. New York in the Elegant Eighties, by H. C. Brown. [illegible] 9. $5.00. Man Nobody Knows, by Barton. April 2[illegible] $2.50. Nobo[illegible]

The RETAIL BOOKSELLER NOVEMBER-1926

[illegible]ending with Alfred Bill at Castine[illegible] or must I forget Henry Beston, who writes that he [illegible] is now on his annual cruise, full speed ahead! [illegible] or bookshop I was told by Miss Brontë, the proprietor, that the most widely popular of all her serious books was The Story of Philosophy, by Will Durant, published by the firm of Simon & Schuster. From what little I have read of this new book I feel it merits [illegible]

Boston Transcript AUGUST 9, 1926

★ ALL Summer and Fall, THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY has been *first* on all non-fiction best-seller lists from coast to coast; *first* on *combined* best-seller lists *for fiction and non-fiction* in representative stores like Brentano's and Lord & Taylor's, New York; Kroch's, Chicago; Korner & Wood, Cleveland; *first* in the acclaim of critics, book-sellers, librarians and educators as the long-awaited humanization of philosophy. It has been called a book for the years—as enthralling as it is authoritative—by John Dewey, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, George A. Dorsey, Henry L. Mencken, John Macy, Heywood Broun, and others. *First* on all Christmas lists—the ideal book for intelligent readers.

BEST SELLERS OF TH[illegible]

"The Story of Philosophy," by Will Durant.
"Our Times," by Mark Sullivan.
"Why We Behave Like Human Beings," [illegible]
AT TH[illegible]

Chicago Daily Tribune AUG. 11, 1926

Fourteenth Printing Now Ready

THE public's praise of Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy* may be most simply stated by a listing of the printings of this book.

May 29th	First Printing
June 8th	Second Printing
June 17th	Third Printing
June 28th	Fourth Printing
July 9th	Fifth Printing
July 15th	Sixth Printing
July 22nd	Seventh Printing
August 14th	Eighth Printing
August 20th	Ninth Printing
August 28th	Tenth Printing
September 13th	Eleventh Printing
October 15th	Twelfth Printing
October 25th	Thirteenth Printing
Now ready	Fourteenth Printing

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY

By WILL DURANT

[72nd to 97th Thousand]

589 Pages—21 Full-page Illustrations

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Four Typical Critical Opinions

"An excellent book. Never fails to be both clear and interesting."—*Henry L. Mencken*

"A book brilliantly written. It will be enjoyed by both experts and amateurs."—*Boston Transcript*

"Durant recalls the refreshment so notable in the writing of William James; as a biographer he has something of the gifts of Lytton Strachey."—*New York Times.*

"Where Addison failed, Durant has succeeded. He has humanized philosophy. He has made it live and dance and sing. A fit companion for Wells's 'Outline of History' [illegible]ating, brilliant, human."—*New York Sun*

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